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THE WORLD'S SYMPATHY goes out to the Jews in the frontier communities of Palestine, crouching in terror before the threat of utter destruction at the hands of tribesmen armed with modern guns but inspired by passions of medieval cruelty. It is easy enough, thousands of miles away, to pick out mistakes in British administration and in Zionist policy; but to the men and women in the little Jewish settlements the immediate question is one of life and death—and for some hundreds of them the issue has been irrevocably settled. They are dead. Whatever ultimate solution may be found to the problem of Palestine, even the uncompromising anti-imperialist must confess a sense of relief at the reports of the arrival of reinforcements from the British army and navy. Time will bring a juster sifting of the causes of the ghastly outbreak, and doubtless there has been fault on both sides; but in the present the Arabs are unquestionably the aggressors. The statement of the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, usually a sober man, saying that the trouble is due to the Arab realization, after the Zurich Zionist Congress, of the meaning of the Zionist experiment, is almost a confession of guilt and responsibility. Presumably the British will have the immediate situation in hand before this issue of *The Nation* appears; but the need for relief for the Jewish settlers will be acute for a long time to come.

ULTIMATE APPROVAL of the Young plan as a whole seems clearly foreshadowed by the agreements reached by The Hague conference on August 28-29. After haggling for days over the concessions which it was certain that France, Belgium, Italy, and Japan would have to make, it was finally decided to offer Mr. Snowden somewhat more than four-fifths of what he had demanded, and the offer was accepted. Precisely how the figures of the Young plan are to be juggled is not clear, but the four Powers mentioned are to guarantee to Great Britain 40,000,000 marks out of their annuities, and also to relinquish to the British a large part of the unconditional German payments not already allocated to France. In addition, the Italian State Railways are pledged to buy a million tons of British coal annually for three years. In return for acquiescing in this program, Germany is to have the satisfaction of seeing foreign troops out of the Rhineland by June, 1930, at the latest, and will be relieved of part of the cost of the army of occupation in the interval. All this does not mean that the Young plan is shortly to go into operation, for the British objections to the Bank for International Settlements remain to be dealt with and the details of the plan are still to be worked out in committee. Moreover, the whole scheme has yet to run the gauntlet of the parliaments in the various countries concerned, except perhaps in Italy, where Mussolini is the state. It seems unlikely, however, that other hurdles as high as those which Mr. Snowden set up will again have to be surmounted.

FASCISM IN AUSTRIA may seem a small affair in comparison with fascism in Italy, but the possibility at the moment of a fascist rising in Austria, with consequences not limited to that country alone, cannot be dismissed as without foundation. For some time the Heimwehr, an organization openly sympathetic with fascist methods, bitterly hostile to the Socialists who now control the Austrian Government, and demanding a revision of the constitution, has been accumulating arms with no serious interference from the Government, preparatory, it is widely believed, to a "march on Vienna" or some other national demonstration late in September. The membership is estimated at from 100,000 to 200,000 men. At St. Lorenzen, where the Heimwehr and Socialists clashed on August 18, several persons were killed and some two hundred injured; another clash at the village of Mechtersen was narrowly averted on September 1. Rumor ascribes much of the inspiration of the movement to Dr. Seipel, the Catholic prelate who resigned the chancellorship, after carrying the country through a difficult period, in favor of the present Streruwitz Ministry. The situation has important international bearings aside from the danger of intervention if Austria were to be plunged into civil war. The Anschluss movement for the union of Austria and Germany finds support mainly among the Socialists of the two countries. Mussolini, on the other hand, has no love for Socialists, and has openly opposed the Anschluss, probably because he does not want a stronger German state as a neighbor.

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WHEN A FRENCH UNIVERSITY appoints a German to one of its important professorships we are justified in concluding that the intellectual rapprochement of the two nations has made considerable progress. The university which has just distinguished itself by its international open-mindedness is the Sorbonne, and the appointee is a Düsseldorf architect who will occupy the chair of architecture and town planning. As the *Manchester Guardian* remarks in commenting upon the incident, a university is "essentially an international institution," and "with a German professor at the Sorbonne and German Rhodes scholars returning to Oxford, universities know each other once again as allies in the service of truth and learning." The World War played sad havoc with the minds and manners of American and European scholars, and a good deal of what was said and done in university circles while the war fever raged makes melancholy reading now. The evidences of returning sanity have multiplied rapidly in the past few years, however. Contrary to a common impression, the reestablishment of intellectual interchange with Germany has gone on rapidly in France, albeit more outside the universities than within. The action of the Sorbonne is thus in part a natural development of a movement already well under way, and still more an advance step in a quarter where open evidence of reconciliation was less to be expected.

THE TARIFF BILL which Senator Smoot has finally reported to the Senate differs in several important respects besides its rates of duty from the bill passed by the House of Representatives. The President will not be authorized to make over the Tariff Commission into a partisan body as the House thought he should, and the commission, after investigating costs of production and other matters preparatory to recommending an increase or decrease of duties, will have to report its findings to Congress instead of turning them over to the President to be made law by executive fiat. The Senate still cherishes the old-fashioned idea that laws, under the Constitution, are to be made by Congress and not by the President. In the matter of valuation of imported goods, the Senate bill provides for what is to be known as United States valuation where the foreign cost of production cannot be ascertained. The valuation in such cases will be based on the wholesale selling price of the article in this country, or, if the article is not sold at wholesale, then upon the price of some comparable domestic product. There is nothing in the rates of duty carried by the Senate bill that qualifies materially the adverse criticism which we have made of this whole tariff business from the beginning. Senator Harrison of Mississippi is sometimes given to extravagant speaking, but his declaration that "the whole bill reeks with discriminations, inequalities, inexcusable burdens, and injustices" has the merit of exact truth.

TWO PIECES OF NEWS of much possible significance for the future of transportation have appeared recently. One told of a remarkable performance on the Canadian National Railways of an oil-electric locomotive, the other of successful tests at Chicopee, Massachusetts, of a gasoline-electric automobile. In writing in our issue of August 21, page 183, in regard to the centenary of the first steam locomotive to be used in actual service in this country, we suggested that in view of the spread of electrification the second centenary of the steam locomotive might find it only in museums. The performance in Canada indicates that the steam locomotive may be menaced by electricity in a new way. The use of electricity through the installation of a third rail has already made considerable headway, but is retarded by certain immediate limitations, one of which is the expense of such a change, said to be practically equal to the cost of laying the original railroad. The oil-burning electrically driven locomotive, on the other hand, involves no considerable expense beyond the construction cost of the individual engines, although this is reported to be four times as great for the horse-power produced as a steam locomotive. The oil-electric engine on the Canadian National Railways kept pace from Montreal to Toronto, 334 miles, with the steam locomotive on the International Limited, doing seventy miles an hour mile after mile. More important, it burned $25 worth of oil compared with $80 worth of coal consumed by the steam locomotive.

ELECTRICITY MAY PROVE no less revolutionary for the automobile. Under a small head on an inside newspaper page we find a modest 100-word dispatch by the Associated Press describing successful tests of a gasoline electric-drive automobile by Raucht and Lang in collaboration with engineers of the General Electric Company. The electric drive has been used successfully in steamships for a number of years, and there would seem to be nothing to prevent a similar mechanism for automobiles, although the cost might be considerably higher and the bulk might also be increased. Unfortunately no information on those points is contained in the dispatch. What we are told is that a thirty-five horse-power, six-cylinder gasoline engine is used for producing power, and that this runs an electric generator where the gear-shaft assembly is ordinarily placed. The electric current is transferred to a motor which drives a shaft connecting with the rear axle. There is a throttle to regulate the speed and a switch on the dashboard, by which the car can be run either forward or backward. The great advantage in the car, of course, is that there are no gears to shift and the speed can be fixed at any rate instantly by the mere pressure of a finger. The car is said to be noiseless and capable of making forty-five miles an hour. Also, we assume, it would not be possible to stall the engine at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

EVERY BELIEVER in labor organization and the objects which it is seeking to attain would like to see the courts restricted, and their powers more carefully defined, in the issuance of injunctions. The Clayton Act, from which much was hoped, has been practically emasculated by the United States Supreme Court, and the bill introduced at the last session of Congress by Senator Shipstead of Minnesota was killed by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate not so much through unfriendliness toward the purposes sought as because of belief that it, too, in its essential features, would be declared unconstitutional. Subsequent to the action of the Judiciary Committee, Senators Walsh of Montana, Norris of Nebraska, and Blaine of Wisconsin drafted a substitute measure which has received the approval of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor. Among the acts which would not be unlawful under the proposed measure would be ceasing work, becoming

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or remaining a member of a labor union or an employers' organization, paying or withholding strike or unemployment benefits, giving publicity to the facts in an industrial dispute, and assembling to act or organize. To the list of acts enumerated by Senators Walsh, Norris, and Blaine the A. F. of L. has added: ceasing to patronize any person in a labor dispute, whether employer or employee, and refusing to handle material produced by a non-union or rival labor organization. Prosecution for contempt because of any alleged infraction of an injunction would be possible only through trial by jury. Some changes may be needed, but we hope the bill may pass substantially as it is.

ACCORDING TO THE REPORT of a survey just completed by the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, total legal-reserve life insurance in force in the United States passed the one hundred billion mark late in July, while policy-holders number more than 65,000,000. American life insurance, according to George T. Wright, manager of the association, began eighty-six years ago, and it required seventy-three years to build up its business to $24,700,000,000. In the next six years the total of insurance in force rose to $50,000,000,000, and during the past six and one-half years it has doubled again. These huge figures represent an impressive triumph of American salesmanship; for sound life insurance is nothing but mathematics, investment, and salesmanship. In 1905, in the best job he ever did, Charles E. Hughes as investigator exposed the gross mismanagement, to say nothing worse, that characterized some of the greatest companies. The resulting legislation benefited the companies greatly, in consequence of increased public confidence. They have multiplied options to policy-holders astonishingly, and through group insurance have extended the benefits of death provision to great numbers of employees of the larger industrial concerns.

ONE IS ASSURED of both safety and a liberal interest on money deposited in the postal savings systems of most European governments, but in this country we are so tender toward the bankers that our arrangements are a farce, not to say an infamy. They are utilized chiefly by newly arrived foreigners, who distrust our banks—often with excellent reason—and continue the custom they learned at home of depositing with the government. The paltry interest paid on postal savings deters most persons from banking with the government, and deposits have been diminishing in recent years. In New York City, for example, deposits with the post office are now less than half what they were in 1921, the peak year. In that year Herbert Hoover, appearing before a Senate committee to argue for a more generous interest policy in the postal savings system, said that the government did not pay even the 2 per cent directed by law. Departmental regulations worked so as to cut down the interest actually paid to an average of about 1 per cent, he stated, while the government itself placed the money in banks at 2½ per cent and made about 100 per cent profit on the transaction. President Hoover may have forgotten those words by now, but nothing has been done to stop this outrageous profiteering upon the pennies of the poor. Recent bank failures in New York City and its vicinity have led to an appreciable increase in postal savings in the metropolis, according to the New York *World,* but Louis Fischman, superintendent in charge, is quoted as saying that "the chance of the government raising its interest is slight, as big business won't stand for it." The situation could hardly be summarized with greater accuracy and candor.

GLOUCESTER, for 300 years the salt-fish capital of the United States; Gloucester, where the whiff of drying cod is as sweet to the native as the fragrance of honeysuckle to the man born in Kentucky; Gloucester has had a race to prove which was the fastest among the fishing schooners of the New England fleet. Captain Ben Pine was at the wheel of the Arthur D. Story, Norman Ross piloted the Elsie, Wallace Parsons sailed the Thomas S. Gorton, while Manuel Domingos, who has been ashore for fifteen years as a fish dealer, let his office go hang and jumped aboard the Progress when he learned that Marty Welch wouldn't be able to sail her. And Captain Domingos won. We admit our love of the smell of drying cod and are delighted that Gloucester took time off to hold this race. At first it was hoped that the contest might be an international one—a revival of the competition for the Fishermen's Cup of the Halifax *Herald.* The last contest for the cup, at Halifax in 1923, ended in a row, as a result of which the trophy was awarded to the Columbia, but Captain Pine refused to take it, hoisted his mainsail, and headed for home. Since then the Columbia has been lost—foundered with all hands in 1927—while the Esperanto and the Henry Ford, contenders in earlier races for the Fishermen's Cup, are also gone. The work of a fisherman is always close to tragedy. It is well that he should forget it and play once a year.

SHADES OF POCAHONTAS! We've gone and done it again. We've insulted the sovereign State of Virginia by speaking of it as the home of sugar-cured ham. The Suffolk *News-Herald,* in an editorial entitled, Can't Stand for This, says it is evident that the editor of *The Nation* "never socked his tooth into a Virginia ham." He just doesn't know the "ham that am" or he wouldn't speak of Smithfield's masterpiece as sugar-cured. As to ham cured by the latter process the *News-Herald* snorts:

> Why, man alive, people down this way will not let one of these specimens of hog product come into their backyard if they know it. They would scorn anything so plebeian when mere shoulder meat cured the Virginia way would tickle the palate of the New York scribe so sweetly he would cry avaunt at the mere approach of his sugar-cured brands. . . .
>
> Our colaborer and fellow-slave is respectfully requested to correct his error and cordially invited to drop down into Old Virginia for a nibble at a slice of real ham. After that we should be willing to allow him to name it, and it wouldn't be "sugar-cured" either. It is an insult to such ambrosia to mention it in the same class. It is the food of kings and gods and sometimes of editors when the going is good.

We are in the position of the New York schoolgirl who said of her examination in English: "I only got B. I woulda got A, but I said Shelley wrote the piece on the nightingale and Keats the one about the skylark. I had the men right, but I got the boids twisted." We had the State right, but we got the meats twisted. Our remarks on ham were a lot of boloney.

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Lands of the Arabs

FOR the moment there is peace in Jerusalem, but not good-will among men. There will be more riots and bloodshed in the Arab lands; and it will be well if the world—Jews, Christians, and Moslems alike—recalls that the fault lies not with any single official in Palestine, but with the World War itself. It was the perversion of all decency, of all standards of common good faith and honesty in that struggle, which led the war-time British cabinets, loyal to their belief that anything which might help win the war was good and justifiable, into the career of perfidy which lies behind the bloodshed in Palestine today, as it lay behind the even worse bloodshed in Syria a few years ago.

The Arab lands lie wrapped about the southeastern end of the Mediterranean. They reach, indeed, on the north shore of Africa, to Gibraltar and beyond. And though the Arabs are a conquered people today, they are still a proud and warlike people, with a keen recollection of the days of their national greatness, when Moslem armies threatened to conquer Europe. The Western domination of the Arab lands today seems to them no more inevitable and permanent than was the Eastern domination of Hungary, of Spain, of Sicily. Their agitators pass freely from one country to another; their papers are read eagerly throughout the Arab world; they all dream of a great Arab empire; and they all know that Britain promised them aid, and France seemed to do so, toward the realization of that dream. But Britain made other promises too; and when the end of the war came she found that Arabs, Jews, and French alike considered that the British Empire had promised Palestine to them. And it had.

No sooner had Turkey entered the war on the side of Germany than the British in Egypt sent emissaries to the emir of Mecca, Hussein, assuring him of their readiness to assist in the liberation of the Arabs. Hussein wanted specifications; the British gave them. Already they were conversing with the French, who had vague claims upon Syria, and they tempered their promises. In November, 1915, the British formally recognized the Arab title to the Arab lands, subject to reservations concerning French claims to Syria. Britain did not then reserve Palestine. Hussein explicitly disavowed even those reservations; in May, 1916, he began the Arab revolt which T. E. Lawrence has so classically described, with a pitiful trust in British good faith.

Almost simultaneously the British signed the famous Sykes-Picot Agreement of May 16, 1916, to which Russia was also a party, promising to support an eventual Arab national state in the interior of Syria, but also dividing the presumptive spoils among themselves. The terms were somewhat vague; the French understood that it left both Palestine and the oil wells of Mosul in their sphere of influence.

The Arab revolt spread up the coast into Transjordan, but it was not until the summer of 1918 that the British-Arab armies reached Palestine. Meanwhile matters were going badly for the Allies in the West; and the British were watching with perhaps unnecessary suspicion the Jewish participation in the Russian Revolution. On November 2, 1917, hoping thus to win the war support of world Jewry, Mr. Balfour made his famous proclamation of the Jewish National Home. In two years the British appear to have promised Palestine, which they did not yet possess, successively to the Arabs, the French, and the Jews.

The subsequent history is a familiar and tragic story. The Arabs, under Hussein's son Feisal, swept northward through Transjordan into Syria. Feisal's cavalry entered Damascus like their ancestors, charging sword in hand, while the Damascans cheered themselves hoarse, and proceeded to make it the capital of an Arab state. The British would have preferred to support the Arabs, but the French were more dangerous. They extracted from the French concessions for themselves, covering the oil region of Mosul and Palestine, important to them as the hinterland of the Suez Canal, but they won no substantial concessions for the Arabs.

In the end the pledges to the Arabs were shamelessly flouted. The terms of the inter-Allied secret treaties ruled. France got Syria north of Palestine; England got Mesopotamia and Palestine. The British armies evacuated inner Syria; and the French sent Feisal a series of humiliating ultimatums. Yielding to force, he accepted them, but that was not enough. The French armies moved on him, captured Damascus, conquered the country. It rose against them in a memorable series of rebellions; all crushed in blood at a cost of tens of thousands of lives. The Arabs in Palestine protested, not directly against British rule but against any program of making the 90 per cent Arab land of Palestine the homeland of an alien people.

These are facts, this is a history which one has no right to forget, however intense one's sympathy with the murdered Jews of Hebron, with the ruined farmlands of the pioneer communities between Dan and Beersheba. The British have failed to give the Jews the protection they promised; but the Arabs also have their prior grievances.

With Feisal's fall the Pan-Arab movement seemed in collapse. But a new power rose in the desert. Ibn Saud came out of the Nejd, drove Hussein out of the holy cities of Medina and Mecca, and today controls almost the entire Arabian peninsula, the greatest power in Islam. Like all Arab princes he has accepted British subsidies, but he has also negotiated with the British as an equal, and he has never accepted the boundary-line which leaves the head of the Gulf of Akaba a part of British Transjordan. Feisal has been made "king" of Mesopotamia, or Irak, which chafes at British control; his brother Abdullah is emir of Transjordan, under even more thorough British supervision. The British rule Palestine direct, and the rudimentary forms of democracy which the French have introduced in parts of Syria deceive no one.

Some time, somewhere, this Western domination of the Arab lands will cease. There will be no end to Arab agitation until it does. And there, far behind the recent events at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem and the immediate trouble in Palestine, lies the tremendous responsibility and the tremendous danger of the Arab problem.

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The People's Soil

WE approve heartily of President Hoover's courteous reference to the Western States as having long since outgrown their swaddling clothes. As indicated in our issue of last week, we disapprove no less heartily of his proposal to turn over to them for administration and ultimate sale the surface rights to the 190,000,000 acres of public lands that lie within their borders. This proposal, if adopted by Congress, will constitute a first step, almost certain to be followed by others, in a policy that we believe to be full of danger to our national economic development.

Mr. Hoover's proposal, which, happily, he puts forward only tentatively, is to transfer to the public-land States (of which Nevada, Utah, California, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, Oregon, Idaho, Colorado, and Montana, in the order of their acreage of unreserved lands, are the most important ones) the surface rights to the lands within their borders, reserving to federal control all mineral rights, as well as power sites, national forests, parks, monuments, and Indian and other reservations. In other words, the immediate proposal apparently comes to little more than transferring to the States the management of grazing lands. If nothing more were actually involved, the States might possibly find it undesirable to examine too closely the teeth of this gift horse, lest he turn out to have the molars of a white elephant.

But much more is involved, as was made clear in the first discussion of the President's proposal. Senator Kendrick of Wyoming said straightway: "If these lands are to be transferred to the States, the mineral rights should be transferred to the States along with the lands." Senators Smoot and King of Utah were reported to be of the same opinion, and they are logically right. If the federal government is going to turn over anything, they say, let it turn over something valuable and not something worthless.

The trouble with the President's suggestion, as we see it, is that he proposes to turn over rights, apparently of comparatively small immediate value, for reasons which will straightway be urged in behalf of the cession of rights which the federal government, as guardian of the remaining natural heritage of all the people—not the people of the public-land States alone—ought never to yield to any other power, public or private. Aside from pious aspirations for "more constructive policies for conservation," Mr. Hoover's essential reason for turning over the surface rights is to "check the growth of federal bureaucracy, reduce federal interference in affairs of essential local interest, and thereby increase the opportunity of the States to govern themselves." Laudable purposes these, without doubt, and a reason that can be urged and has been urged over and over again against every single item of the present federal policy of public-land conservation. Once let the nose of Mr. Hoover's camel inside the tent, and how long will it be before we shall have to welcome his fore legs, his hump, his hind legs, and his tail? Secretary Wilbur, for example, in his reckless premonitory interview suggested the blessings of ultimate State control of the national forests.

This question is large and complex but the dominant issue is simple, and Mr. Hoover has put himself on the wrong side of it. From the beginning of the conservation movement a majority of the people of the Western States, naturally and properly as became people nearer than the rest of us to the frontier condition of unlimited free natural resources, favored more liberal land policies than those which, fortunately, were embodied in the law and its administration. Today, as Senator Borah points out, they have adapted themselves to those policies, but the frontier urge, thank God, is still in the blood. Present federal land policies, we want to say with all possible emphasis, are essential for an industrially mature country whose frontier is gone. Every student of the history of our public lands knows the long story of waste, graft, corruption, and fraud that almost inevitably marked their administration in accordance with the ideas of American pioneers. Some of us have not forgotten Richard Ballinger and Albert B. Fall. Every informed person knows the desperate battle that is being waged today with the power interests. Give the States the surface rights today, and tomorrow for the same reasons you may give them the mineral rights, the power rights, the forests. The land grabbers who would despoil the people will no longer be concentrated in Washington under scrutiny of the newspaper correspondents there, but will be scattered in a dozen State capitals to do their work in comparative quiet under conditions far less unfavorable.

Let the surface rights stay exactly where they are and let the helpful cooperation of federal and state governments be yet further developed. That, we believe, should be the reply of the people to the President's proposal.

Use No Hooks!

IT was E. W. Howe, if we remember rightly, who said that the only thing which a newspaper editor can safely abuse is the man-eating shark. Certainly every American editor learned years ago that practically the most dangerous thing to abuse is Christian Science or its founder, the thrice-married Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Patterson Eddy. Most of the important writings unfavorable to Mrs. Eddy have been suppressed through pressure upon the publishers, purchase of the copyright, or law suits, the most recent instance being the elimination of Professor Woodbridge Riley's attack on Mrs. Eddy from "The Cambridge History of American Literature" in 1921. The latest work on Mrs. Eddy,* by no means a flattering picture, has escaped official condemnation, although the New York Christian Science Committee on Publication has issued a statement that the volume is not authentic because the author did not consult the church authorities nor was their invitation to check the contents of the book with the publishers accepted.

Mr. Dakin explains why newspaper editors have found it embarrassing to criticize or make any slips in regard to Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy herself devised a publicity system consisting of a committee on publication—actually a single individual—in every State.

> It was really Mrs. Eddy, and not the modern leaders of American "big business," who invented corporation publicity and devised the methods to make it work. The idea of assisting newspaper editors and readers to formulate their opinions through correctly prepared publicity material

* "Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind." By Edwin Franden Dakin. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

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came to her as she pondered the attacks directed upon herself and her announced discovery. . . .

If any city editor ever dared ignore a communication sent out by the committee on publication, the managing editor would shortly receive a telephone call. He would not find the "committee" talking at the other end of the wire. Rather it would be one of his most valued advertisers.

Thus Christian Science has come to be labeled in every newspaper office with the warning: "Use No Hooks!"

Mr. Dakin got interested in Mrs. Eddy when he returned from the World War with his old beliefs shattered and, in the hope of finding something new, investigated Christian Science and its founder. His book is a story rather than either an attack or a panegyric, and is so well documented as to be difficult to dispute. Mr. Dakin writes of Mrs. Eddy with sympathy and some admiration. He admires her courage, will power, and shrewdness in raising herself in middle age from a useless life of neurotic invalidism to the dictatorship of a remarkably influential new religion; he says she "believed her doctrine with a belief that burned like fire." At the same time he recounts without mercy her lack of gratitude and loyalty in throwing overboard every individual who had ceased to be valuable to her or whom she sensed as a rival, culminating in the outrageous humiliation of Mrs. Stetson, and he shows proof which most persons will accept as adequate that Mrs. Eddy got all that is most valid in Christian Science from Phineas T. Quimby —and then denied it. From Quimby, that is, she got the philosophy and practice of mental healing, even deriving the title of her book, "Science and Health," from the Portland healer's manuscript "Science of Health." Mrs. Eddy herself was responsible for her obsession in regard to "malicious animal magnetism" and for the doctrine of the non-existence of matter. Also she made the enormously important contribution from the practical side of exalting mental healing into a religion. As Mr. Dakin says: "Had she sought merely to market a psychological discovery she would probably have gained only a small audience. What she had in her hand, however, was not psychology but religion—something which can be marketed on a much larger scale than any brand of psychology." And "Viewed in this light much of Eddyism now looms up not as consummate humbuggery, but as sincere belief that she had really harnessed a previously unknown Principle to serve man's needs."

Whatever we may think of Christian Science, Mrs. Eddy was one of the great powers of her generation, and her personality deserves more disinterested attention than it has received. "At forty she found herself alone, unloved even by her relatives and her own son, poverty-stricken, pain-racked, purposeless." She was sixty-one before she entered the road to fame and fortune by going to Boston and establishing her college; she was sixty-seven before she became a national figure as a result of the great demonstration accorded her in Chicago in 1888. Mr. Dakin has done a service in writing of Mrs. Eddy from a factual rather than from a controversial standpoint. And it is possibly an indication that the church which Mrs. Eddy founded has passed one cycle in its existence—grown somewhat beyond the fury and foibles of its founder—that finally it seems able to contemplate a figure hewn to the life without being too much outraged or insisting that it be banished to the coal cellar.

Art for Politics' Sake

AMERICANS sometimes regret that their government does not concern itself much with the arts. They point to the French Academy or the state theaters in Paris, and they ask (pointedly enough) whether it is possible to conceive any similar institutions in these United States. They recall with some bitterness how a Congressman once rose in high dudgeon to demand why the name of Edgar A. Guest had not been mentioned in connection with some proposal to honor our literary geniuses, and they wonder just what kind of play would be clean enough and patriotic enough to satisfy the requirements of all the various societies for the promotion or the suppression of this or that.

But the truth of the matter is that even the French have their difficulties, and the artistic activities of their government are most admirable when we wish to use them as a convenient stick with which to belabor our own officials. Thus the famous Comédie Française has been dying of dry rot for years. Léon Daudet has recently devoted a muck-raking article to a diagnosis of the many ills which afflict it, and few Parisians would deny the justice of his criticism.

The chief state theater is, as he says, primarily an institution for the subvention of plays which long ago lost whatever claims they may once have had upon the interest of the public. It is true that Molière, Racine, and Corneille are still played, and true also that the routine performances of these classics are perhaps better than no performances at all, but nearly all of the other pieces in the repertory are pompous examples of inferior and out-moded styles. Last year only one new play was produced, and it was said to be worthless. Augier, Dumas fils, and other dramatists of that ilk are responsible for the dramas which make up the bulk of the offerings, and the work of such people is certainly not good enough to merit the consideration of the state. They correspond roughly to the Robertsons, the Hearns, and the Clyde Fitches of the English and American drama, and no one can feel any very lively regret that there does not exist a Theater of the United States in which "Shore Acres" or "The Girl with the Green Eyes" is performed ten or twelve times a year at the expense of the taxpayers. Free copies of "Just Folks" distributed by the Department of Education, or a National Academy of Vaudeville composed chiefly of the performers whom President Wilson most admired, would be scarcely more absurd.

We are far from wishing to imply that we believe the now inevitable commercialism of the New York theater to be ideal. We do not think that the best play is the one which draws the largest crowds, and we are sure that the encouragement of art would be one of the functions of the perfect state. But we are inclined to suspect that the proposals sometimes made for a national or a civic theater are premature, and that they will continue to be so until the arrival of that apparently very distant day when Congress and boards of aldermen have come to be composed of the most cultivated and enlightened of our citizens. The taste of the general public is low, but there is an enlightened minority sufficient to support better plays than, let us say, his Honor Jimmie Walker might choose for New York City.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

WHEN Herbert Clark Hoover agreed to remain silent while his accredited managers raised the religious issue he must have realized that he was doing a wrong thing. Very probably the agreement was never formal and articulate. The Republican candidate merely looked the other way and said "What a pretty sunset," while his hired men paraded about with an effigy of the Pope. He himself did not read the speech of Mrs. Willebrandt before it was delivered. Perhaps he even refrained from acquainting himself with this phase of the campaign's activity after it had been launched. Mr. Hoover remained upon the mountain tops and never ventured to gaze into the valleys where the votes were being gathered. Mr. Harding owed his success to a conference in the tobacco mists of a Chicago hotel, and Mr. Hoover did not want to reflect upon the fact that his victory was likely to be decided up in Mabel's room.

Yet certain excuses can and should be made for Herbert Hoover. Although not authorized by anybody in his confidence I feel certain that he had not the slightest intention of establishing the religious test as a permanent factor in American political life. It was merely a convenient weapon for the moment. "We can break the South," they told him. This was a great temptation. No other Republican candidate had ever done as much. Under such circumstances the man's mind must have visioned the history books of the future. They would say: "The South was solid until 1928 when Herbert Clark Hoover broke the bloc." This would be a victory memorable in political annals. Such a result would make good the oft-repeated assertion that America was again an organic whole without North, or West, or East, or South. One flag, one constitution, one loyalty to President Herbert Clark Hoover. "The end justifies the means"—somewhere Mr. Hoover had read that.

No doubt he felt that out of a brief flare of religious prejudice good might come. Once in office he could make some strong and striking declaration. He could kick over the ladder by which he had climbed. After all, there was no reason why this sort of politics need become habitual. With the South won over, future campaigns could be put upon a higher level. But as in many another conquest, the victor found himself tightly clutching a bear's tail. The South was won and it was necessary to keep it won. If the secession was to be for one performance only, historians would be compelled to say that Florida, Virginia, Texas, and the rest voted against Al Smith and not for Herbert Hoover. The gains must be consolidated.

Yet since the South had been won on the religious issue it seemed difficult to hold it on any other basis. Indeed, practical consideration made it expedient to refine and augment the scope of the issue. And that is being done today by the Hoovercrats of Texas. The nomination is still a year away but already the Democrats who went Republican are sharpening their knives against the present lieutenant governor, who would normally be the logical candidate. I've said that by dint of practice the religious issue could be made to cover a wider territory. Against this candidate it can't be said that he would on his own initiative invite the Pope to come and live in Texas. His disability is more subtle. His wife is a Catholic.

Dr. Norris, the Baptist firebrand, who did so much for Hoover in the last campaign, is already on the warpath by means of pulpit and radio. He has announced the inspiring slogan: "No Catholic woman shall ever be the first lady of the State and sit in the Governor's mansion at Austin." The Klan, which was dead, is alive again. It was remarked in the South and elsewhere that though Mr. Hoover made one dim disavowal of the religious issue he never gave practical proof of his displeasure by removing a single one of the more violent propagandists from his campaign forces. And the belief that he was not entirely enraged by the undercover work done in his favor has been strengthened by the appointment of several leading Hoovercrats to federal offices.

Nobody is accusing the President of the United States of inspiring a primary fight centering around the religious affiliations of a candidate's wife. I mean that Mr. Hoover is not under the charge of ordering this attack. Nevertheless, I do not see how Herbert Clark Hoover can be acquitted of moral responsibility for the new style in American politics. Before Hoover there was religious prejudice. It crawled upon its belly and was to be found in scrub-oak patches in hilly country. But in the year 1928, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who had been one of the leading workers for Hoover in the campaign and an important member of the Department of Justice, openly invited the evangelical Protestant clergy to carry on the fight from their pulpits. You may be sure they were not slow to accept this federal license, and before the fight was done America witnessed the edifying spectacle of John Roach Straton shaking hands with Herbert Hoover.

I do not remember any other campaign in which the personality of the candidate's wife became a political issue, but attacks were made on Mrs. Smith in the interests of the Republican Party. What is good enough for a national campaign will scarcely be thrown out of a primary as too despicable for use. Nor is there any reason why critics of the President should accept the explanation that Mr. Hoover never knew the things that were being done by the workers of his party. He should have known. He must have known. His partisans are unconvincing when they argue that he was just a fool.

In Virginia Bishop Cannon is trying to keep the State in the Republican column by a fight against Raskobism. Mr. Raskob is a leading Wall Street operator and a prominent Catholic. It can hardly be that the odd-lot Methodist leader is attacking him because of the first-mentioned affliction. The fires of religious prejudice are mounting higher. The glare reddens the political skies by night and day. No, Herbert Clark Hoover did not touch the match to this tindery stuff, but he did stand like a bump upon a burning deck and made no move to stamp out any spark. Maybe he isn't the father of the religious issue in American politics. But he is the godfather. He stood for it.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Philip Snowden at The Hague

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

London, August 23

WE have before us an astounding spectacle. The full wonder of it is not realized in England, so that we need not be surprised if the American public should have misunderstood its significance or failed to measure it merely as a phenomenon. At an international conference a British Minister has spoken as though he were the representative of a great Power, and not of a vassal state; he has put his foot down and kept it there; he has announced the British terms in ringing tones, and with a complete contempt for the evasions of diplomacy. When the envoys of the European Powers, once allies, have submitted pained remonstrances and proffered compromise terms, he has told them not to be absurd, but to use words with a precise meaning and to work out their sums again. And, in doing all this, he has gained for himself a position of unequaled honor and popularity with the British people, a position such as, quite literally, no British statesman has held since the days of the elder William Pitt. And because the minister in the case is Philip Snowden, the marvel is beyond description and almost beyond belief.

Consider, to begin with, the man Snowden himself. It should not be necessary for me to remind readers of *The Nation* that he is one of the most remarkable men in England. He comes from Yorkshire, and began life in the junior grade of the civil service, which he entered by the door of open competitive examination. In early manhood he suffered a bicycle accident, which broke him up and left him hopelessly crippled. For forty years he has walked with the aid of two sticks, unable to move his body without extreme difficulty. During the long convalescence after his casualty he read himself into a knowledge of economics and into a conviction of the truth of socialism. He is enormously informed, holds his knowledge with the tenacity and precision of steel, and gives it out in the clearest sentences built into a logical structure. He is a formidable controversialist and one of the finest public speakers in the English-speaking world. His long experience in the Labor movement is there to attest his political standing and his character.

He fought his way into English public life laden with all the handicaps. Without the backing of either money or friends he stood up in the market-place of a Lancashire cotton town, Blackburn, during the fury of the Boer War thirty years ago, defied the mob, and compelled them by force of reason and personality to elect him to Parliament. His opinions, his temper, and the cast of his mind kept him always with the remnant. You could not imagine Philip Snowden as a member of the majority. Along with Keir Hardie and Ramsay MacDonald he belonged to the governing group of the Independent Labor Party, from which he resigned (not, of course, from the Labor Party) a few years ago, declaring that the work of the I. L. P., as the evangelizing wing of the movement, was finished. To this wing Snowden gave at least thirty-five years of devoted service. Not only did we regard him as by birthright a member of the permanent minority: he was, and is, emphatically what we all mean when we call a public man a doctrinaire. That is to say, he knows what he believes, and always wants to apply it. His enemies have seen him at times as the St. Just of the English revolution. In 1914 he took the unpopular side on the policy of the war, and for four years he shared with Ramsay MacDonald and a half-dozen stalwarts of the I. L. P. the odium that attached to all men who, refusing to accept the popular illusions, bore witness to the necessity of a negotiated peace. In the armistice election he lost his seat in the Commons, and was therefore out in the wilderness during the crucial years of the treaty and the desolation. It is in England still that the ironies of politics and history are most startlingly displayed. The outcast of 1914 and 1918 was restored to his parliamentary place in 1922, by which time the press was learning to look upon him as a moderate; and in 1924 was the inevitable Chancellor of the Exchequer in that Labor Cabinet which historians will mark as the dividing line between the old England and the new.

Even so, however, Philip Snowden had yet not become in any sense a popular figure: the man of The Hague was not yet in sight. His first budget had been a notable success. He was gaining the confidence of the business community, which saw in him a champion of conservative finance. But the Labor movement now reckoned him a member of the right wing, and to the I. L. P. he was almost one of the lost. The revelation of the new Snowden, a truly surprising apparition, came early in the present year when, the Baldwin Government being still in office, he delivered in Parliament the famous attack upon the debt settlement and proclaimed that England would insist upon a fresh interpretation of the principles embodied in the Balfour Note. I was in the United States at the time, and I recall that the first effect of that speech was to lead the American press to infer that Snowden as chancellor in a new Labor Government would demand a revision of the debt settlement made in Washington six years ago. That, of course, was not so. Snowden was thinking of the European settlements. He was serving notice upon France and Italy that when next he was in power at the Exchequer they must expect a strict accounting and an end to the concessions made continuously, and as a matter of course, by British governments throughout the post-war decade. And it was in the full knowledge of this record and purpose that Ramsay MacDonald sent Snowden to The Hague in July, to fulfil the functions which hitherto have fallen to either the Prime Minister or the Foreign Secretary.

Mr. MacDonald knew his man; but I doubt whether he foresaw the extraordinary testing that was being prepared for Philip Snowden. His initial speech at the Reparations Conference was described as a thunderclap, or a rattle of machine-guns, through the capitals of Europe. For England and the British Dominions it sounded like a sudden return of the days of Pitt and Palmerston. Hardly for twenty years, people were saying, had any voice of British statesmanship been decisively heard in Europe. Grey had capitulated to the old continental system. Lloyd George, worsted

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by Clemenceau and Poincaré, had been enmeshed in an impossible game. Curzon could not be made to see that the problem of the hour was not advanced if the Foreign Secretary fired off a magniloquent speech. Stanley Baldwin and his colleagues had permitted England to sink lower in the counsels of the Powers than she had been for a hundred years. And Austen Chamberlain submitted to Paris as a regular thing, was subservient to Mussolini, and even allowed himself to be out-maneuvered at Geneva by Spain. And then came Philip Snowden, expressing himself in the plainest words, affirming and reaffirming two things: first, that Britain insisted upon a square deal in the reapportionment of reparations; and secondly, that, as between herself and her former allies, she could make no more sacrifices.

The effect in England was magical. Philip Snowden became, in a single day, the voice of all England and the wider British Commonwealth. Let me try to put down exactly what this means. The British cannot be accurately described as a united people more than once in a century, if that. England, says a journalist friend of mine, claims the right, even in great crises, to be nearly half wrong. Not one of the national leaders, since the time of George III, has ever found himself with the entire force of the nation at his back. Wellington and Peel were bitterly opposed at every stage. Palmerston, the most popular of prime ministers, seemed to the followers of Bright and Cobden a debased politician. Gladstone for fifty years aroused worship and reprobation in almost equal measure. Lloyd George in 1917-1918 probably came as near to standing for the collective mind of the nation as any British statesman of the modern age, but a considerable party was convinced that he was the enemy of England. In July and August, 1929, Philip Snowden has occupied an eminence unique in the history of the British nation. Excepting only a tiny minority, uttering itself through one or two voices in the press, all men would appear to be for him. Midway in the crisis of The Hague the Prime Minister sent him a telegraphic message of approval, saying that all parties supported him and the newspapers were unanimous in approval. This was true, and the fact is unparalleled. No journalist or politician now alive can remember anything like it. The chorus of praise is overwhelming. In all the annals of hero-worship as known to America, there is nothing to which we can liken the apotheosis of Philip Snowden.

So much for the man himself and the transformation of which he has become the center. It is much more difficult to sum up the policy for which he has stood, and to estimate the probable results of his action upon the European settlement, Anglo-American affairs, and the all-important matter of disarmament.

There is first the question of the Snowden stand in relation to the general policy of the Labor Government. It may, I think, be taken for granted that, while the Cabinet was apprised of the line to be taken at The Hague, it did not anticipate the major sensation or the alignment of the former allies as a unit, and an infuriated unit, against the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It must be remembered that when Snowden made his assault in the spring, it was necessary for Mr. MacDonald to compose the storm and was deemed expedient for Lord Birkenhead and the Tory leaders to restate the official position as to the Balfour Note. Shortly before going to The Hague, Snowden made known that Britain was not bound by the terms of the Young Plan, but this declaration was not taken as the prelude to an attitude of no compromise. I should be greatly surprised to learn that in advance of the conference the Government saw itself in the role of a great Power delivering an ultimatum, and it may well be true that the Prime Minister and his colleagues were not a little startled to discover the fervor and extent of the popularity that was Philip Snowden's reward for taking the high John Bull line. Having made the discovery, they would manifestly be ready to maintain that line. For a Labor Government so complete an indorsement by the press and the public is a piece of wonderful, and entirely unexpected, good fortune. Not the most adventurous of prophets could have predicted such a development; and at the time of writing it seems probable that the Government and the Labor Party must acquire a large measure of prestige thereby.

Mr. MacDonald's position in relation to it is a subject of much interest. His own presence at The Hague would have seemed to be appropriate, if not essential, and it was thought probable that he would attend the conference for the crucial sittings. Needless to say, he is a negotiator of a kind altogether different from Mr. Snowden: no one can envisage the Prime Minister enunciating no-compromise terms. The fact that he has left the problem to the Chancellor is significant; while, for myself, I am disposed to accept the view that Mr. MacDonald has been content with the arrangement because of his preoccupation with the naval conversations and his strong conviction that the making of an agreement with America on cruisers is the major concern of the present year for the head of the Government.

There remains the wider question of the effect of the Snowden policy and attitude upon Europe and the immense change wrought by them in the standing of Britain among the Powers. We have been accustomed, ever since the Lloyd George period, to a hostile French press, but our generation has known nothing comparable with the ferocity prevalent throughout France today—an exhibition that has its counterpart in Belgium and Italy. Liberal-minded Englishmen cannot be indifferent to this, nor can they fail to contrast it with the brief chapter of European good-will that synchronized with Mr. MacDonald's tenure of the Foreign Office in 1924.

Two accusations in particular, we understand, are brought against Philip Snowden in impartial quarters, and especially by Americans friendly to Britain. The first is that by stressing in his determined fashion the necessity for strict fairness to Britain in the annual percentages, he has diverted the attention of the Conference and the world from the greater business of the settlement to a matter relatively trivial. The difference between his figure and theirs is the difference of a few million dollars, a sum hardly discernible in the annual budget of four billion dollars which it is Mr. Snowden's privilege to administer. To this criticism, I confess, I do not know the answer. It is to me a powerful objection to Mr. Snowden's line of action and argument, for the danger of a break-up at The Hague has at every stage been very grave. The second charge is that Mr. Snowden, by his manner of standing upon British rights, has given a striking and painful exhibition of that very nationalism in European consultations of which England has accused France and Italy ever since the original treaties. But ever

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since the reparations came under debate Britain has followed a line of consistency and generosity. She has been willing to make concession after concession in the cause of the general settlement, and, as Mr. Snowden put it in his downright fashion, the others have apparently been unwilling to do anything for the peace of Europe unless they were paid for it. This process, obviously, had to stop, and the MacDonald Government was the one to stop it by a firm and courteous affirmation. But many of us in England today, against the great acclaim of Philip Snowden, are wondering whether the path of wisdom was not clearly marked by the Young Plan as it stood, and whether, after all, any further price, within reason, was too much to pay for the final dispersal of the war's vast economic illusion. Financial experts, like politicians, inhabit a world that is largely unreal. The road out of folly began at Spa and looks like reaching an end through the Young Committee. Everybody knows that in the end the reparations will not and cannot be paid. It might have been well not to trouble about the ten millions, when working for the greater end. And it may be that the example of a generous Britain, even an absurdly generous one, maintained for another short stage would outweigh all imaginable disadvantages of the plan. An irony indeed would it be if in the end a Government presided over by Ramsay MacDonald should be the one to revive the continental belief in Britain as a self-regarding Power. But one thing is certain: Snowden's generalship is leading to a positive result which the whole world will acclaim.

Fruit People

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

WINTERS come and spring follows. So also do the fruit people, who trail along with the caravan of seasons. Seasons merge and the years congeal, but the pickers keep coming, in motley and deft-fingered armies, guided by the sun and stars, following down the infallible rainbow of bigger crops and better pickings.

Speaking relatively, the strawberry people are the most numerous and diverse of the outfit. This season the Department of Labor estimates that there are six hundred thousand transient berry pickers in the Gulf States and Middle West alone, and that the national total of fruit people would be twice that number. But strawberries, a major crop in twenty-nine of our States, obviously draw the greatest following of pickers. Strawberries are a first crop. Their season is long and verdant and generally happy. By early April the southernmost berries are showing first sour turnings of red and the "compleat berry tramp" may begin far south and follow northwards with the showers and sunshine and spring winds for a picking season of near two good months.

Now anybody can pick strawberries, young or old, fat or thin, stiff or nimble. The berry bed calls out strange conglomerations. There are school youngsters immersed in first openings of vacation; housewives out to gain surcease of potscrubbing and to turn an extra penny in the doing; there are young ones out for sunburns and barefootedness and devilment; there are backbrush courtesans, country girls grown restlessly romantic, disconsolates and jobless laborers. The berry bed has its Cleopatras and its Puck, its shysters and sots and hard cases.

In its easy rural way a strawberry field is a dramatic spot. It may have its murders and marriages and dynamic traditions, its berry fights and picking clans and row-boss rows. It can be a scene lyrically romantic, for there is a sheer joy to picking strawberries, a joy of May grass and bold young leaves and shadow-swept hills. Strawberries are a young crop. Picking them is springtime work, a first hardening for the months of sweat and dust and sunburn which fruit people must accept along with the pay and play of their profession. And strawberries are a youthful and rhapsodic sort of crop, fresh with first sunlight and glamorously undependable. Other berries are different. Raspberries ripen with heavy July heat and their spirit grows mature with the season. And blackberries do not have the shifty infantile qualities of the strawberry. They tell, rather, of hills wrapped in musty light, of slow vague shadows and August stillness, of sky-enfolded earth.

So the picking goes—six dry quarts to one tray, one tray one ticket, one ticket worth eighteen cents on pay-day, which is conventionally Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The patch follower who is nimble of finger, strong of back, and resolute of spirit can usually reckon upon a 75 per cent quotient of working weather.

Strawberry picking, although about as hard work as any of the fruit trades, is generally the worst paid. At the prevailing rate, three cents a quart, a medium picker would probably not average more than two dollars a day. Of course, a good picker working in good berries may sometimes gather a hundred quarts in a twelve-hour day and there are stellar pickers who boast banner-day records of well toward two hundred quarts. But two dollars a day from first turning to last ripening will ordinarily hold as a lucky average.

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But wages are better on the Pacific Coast. Considered financially, the Far Western fruit people are the gentry of the ilk—not that they are high-hat, but that they are, speaking relatively, high-paid. Moreover, in the Far West the fruit harvests mingle and interlap more nearly continuously, and among the half million or so conceded fruit tramps who follow the Western harvests, there are superlatively deft and nimble brethren who earn pay checks that would all but put to shame the wages of a Cabinet official. Far Western fruit imposes a higher premium upon skill; it offers money in startling abundance for those who can get it, and obviously the game lies in the getting. But trade requirements increase in close accord with wage rates. An all-around Pacific Coast fruitman needs to have a thorough working knowledge of apples, pears, prunes, grapes, cantaloupes, oranges, lemons, peaches, tomatoes, and lettuce; and of the various packs, receptacles, sortings, and price ranges. He needs dexterity, memory, iron nerves, and speed.

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One possessed of all these prime requisites should be able to earn a presentable income—eight or ten dollars per picking day as a year's average. There are trade specialists, such as craters and exhibition packers, who can earn as much as thirty-five dollars in a single day, and average twenty-five dollars a day during the whole of a six-week run. The skilled members usually prefer to work by the piece. A flat wage is all right as far as it goes, but the fleet and tried fruitman relishes the opportunity to try and prove his fleetness. But along with the Damon of speed must go the Pythias of accuracy, for a pack is no better than its worst member; a misplaced orange or a bruised cantaloupe will cost the integrity of its crate, and excuses do not excuse after the lids are nailed.

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In California, providing the calendar leaves keep to their places, the fruit year begins with winter olives. Now olives, although a relatively new industry, continue to be pickled in plants old and quaint and Mosaic. The majority of olive factories are rambling, burrowing structures, crowded with concrete pickling vats, each vat holding about a thousand pounds of the festive fruit. Complicated grading machines first sort the raw olives according to sizes: extra large, large, medium large, and fully a dozen more grades of bigness and littleness. Six girls sit at each grader, three at each spout. A keen-eyed and deft-fingered crew they must be, too, for their mission is an important one. They sort out the soft olives and culls, which are made up into oil or ground pickles, and separate the green olives from the ripe, for each kind requires a separate pickling brine and cooking process. The olive crop matures slowly, and the sorting process often continues for six or eight weeks.

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The olives finished, there is the early spring lettuce, reachable by roads which stretch away like white silk ribbons. Now lettuce is a youthful and fickle and nerve-trying sort of crop, and its harvest is expensive and complicated. But if lettuce weather holds, so usually do lettuce wages.

Lettuce weather is cool dry weather. When warm rains come, jobs and profits vanish like dew under a summer sun. For half a day of wet earth and steamy sunshine will put a lettuce crop to the slime. Stricken by the dreaded fungi, a crop worth seven hundred dollars an acre will vanish in the time of an amateur chess game. The fresh green leaves fade into dull gray oblivion, and growers and weather clerks and California senators and State police are powerless to interrupt. There can be no compromising. When the slime comes the crop goes.

A lettuce crew is a diverse and colorful outfit. The trimmers are women—girls usually—fleet-fingered and accurate, working two trimmers to the packer. Armed with razor-sharp stub knives they clip off the roots and the soiled layer of outside leaves, and then pass the heads to the packer, who fills the crates, layer by layer, and roars for ever greater speed. Assisting the packer is the liner, a boy who spreads the crate with a protection of soft paper and covers down the top tier of lettuce; the lidder, a rat-tat artist who wields his thin-headed hammer at such speed that the casual onlooker can hardly make out head or tail of it; and the icer, who wields a shaving trident. Now the icer and the packer should always be in close affinity; for, considered professionally, each is as salt in the other's stew. The packer lays down a layer of lettuce heads, and the icer spreads them over with shaven ice; the packer lays three or four more layers of lettuce, and the icer shovels more ice. Then the lidder nails on the top, and the crate moves on rollers to the car, where the loader and truckster hold dominion. Three hundred and seventy-five crates of lettuce fill a car, and about a ton of ice must be thrown into the hold for additional refrigeration. A crew of twenty fast "greeners" should turn out three carloads of lettuce in a twelve-hour day, which theoretically stands for about ten dollars for each full-time worker, inasmuch as current job rates on lettuce allow each hand about three dollars and fifty cents per car. But lettuce seasons are short-lived and shifty. Even if the days are passing dry the season is likely not to hold for more than two weeks, which means that, taken as a practical matter, lettuce is but a whetter-up for oranges—the first Valencias of the protected valleys.

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Of course oranges are the momentous crop. But from the viewpoint of picking and packing profits they are scarcely as advantageous as half a dozen others. The most skilful of orange packers rarely earns more than seven or eight dollars a day and the orange trades require a deal of expensive travel. Moreover, the interruptions and minor grievances are many. The ripenings are slow, irregular, and much subject to weather; and California weather is—just that. If a packer fills a crate just a scant bit too scantily or if a single hapless orange bellies out enough to become lid-bruised, then the press man who checks the pack and nails on the lids says what one might expect a ferociously busy press man to say, and puts the box aside, which means that the luckless packer gets nothing save condemnations. An old hand will probably have no more than half a dozen in a week's time, which is that many more than he wants, but a neophyte may make as many bad packs in a day. And foremen's teeth become worn away with gritting.

Most foremanships are acquired by virtue of skill and seniority. The pack boss is usually an experienced superfruit tramp and as a graduate of the school of firm packs he has a rating to make and a reputation to hold. Bad packs and bad prices are generally synonymous. On some jobs foreladies are employed to oversee the work of women packers. The expediency of this practice is still open to considerable doubt. A packing foreman for an outlying Del Monte plant assured me with emphasis that he had tried women pack bosses and found them wanting; that the phenomenon of having women about to tell other women what to do is precisely like home with a couple of mothers-in-law. But his decree may have been more a matter of domestic prejudice than of executive discretion. The fore-half of that gentleman's house is occupied by mothers-in-law.

The packing foreman is oftentimes a business man in his own right. He may accept and fill packing contracts, and by virtue of his entrepreneurship may stand a chance of making a medium fortune, or losing one, at a single job. I know a packer who cleared nine thousand dollars in the brief course of last October's orange rush, and then, because of an unfortunate time-guaranty clause, straightway lost seven thousand on a spring-lettuce enterprise.

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After first oranges come cherries, which are harvested largely by Japanese, who pick for wages too scant to attract

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the run of self-sustaining and -respecting American fruit tramps. Peach thinning comes next—rough work, but profitable enough. Fifty cents a tree will probably provide a thinner's wage of ten or twelve dollars a day, no extra provision for peach fuzz and sunburns and toppling ladders and frequent tumbles.

Peach harvest and canning time dawn almost simultaneously. The first peerage of fruit people usually take the picking while the more conservative mediums will probably choose the canning. In theory, at least, the canner's lot is the easier. Certainly he is roofed in from wind and rain; his working hours are limited, but he is likely to be subject to unceasing rush. Canning factories are noisy, blaring, pell-mell institutions, where weak mortals must be forced into pace with strong impersonal machines. Yet by virtue of their stability of location and certainty of wages, the canneries bring a double gladness to the fruit people, who are glad to see them open and glad again to see them close. There are times in the fruit tramp's career when dependable jobs and wages are thrice welcome, even though the labor be hard and hurried. But there comes also an unction from earned leisure, a poetry of changing fields, a joy in the festive final shower bath.

But peaches serve as passage payers to greater things—apples and prunes, for example. The searcher after high adventure and topping wages usually goes for the apples—up in Washington and Oregon, where the pace is fast and the apples are high. But there is an uncompromising secrecy about the Great Coast apples. It would seem indeed that all paying orchards are bounded by high wild mountains and inaccessible sunless valleys. An apple man may tell you that he is going, but he never specifies just where he is going. And primitive propriety in some way prevents your asking.

For the medium, temperate, and easy-going fruit folks there is the quiet solitude of prune harvest, in protected and amiable California valleys. In turns the prunes give way gracefully to the hop yards and to the winter pear crop. And the autumnal "red" grapes are one of the happiest of the Far West fill-ins. The grape season is long, eight or nine weeks; the crop is not highly perishable, packing and shipping are reasonably deliberate, and the grape area is a large one, extending intermittently from northern Mexico to Oregon. The harvest provides fair wages and a multitude of jobs, and it serves as a restful tideover between autumn oranges and winter spinach. My own transient impression is that Western grapes are a very hazardous crop from the viewpoint of owners and marketers—indeed, that most grape growers lose money on most of their crops. But fruit is a precarious industry, and all fruit people from the mightiest grower to the meekest peeler stand to lose as gallantly as they win.

* * * * *

So fruit people must needs be versatile; their trade requires a lucky bag of alternatives. If the oranges flop, then there may perchance be lemons. If the strawberries be rained out, maybe the cherries will hold. If frost wipes out the budded peaches, maybe the more conservative apples will hold up. If all of them fail, there still remain farther stretches of earth and fruit; there are open road, a sun and stars to guide by, and, the fates smiling, a runable flivver and let us hope a couple of unpunctured tires. Accordingly the compleat fruit tramp may keep to the trail and gather life at its best ripened hours, and in the doing remain naive and agile and light-hearted.

Tar Heel Justice

By NELL BATTLE LEWIS

Charlotte, August 27

NORTH CAROLINA'S industrial *cause celèbre* reopened here on August 26 in the Mecklenburg County Courthouse, after a change of venue from inflamed Gastonia and the lapse of a month during which the passion and prejudice aroused by this case in both camps had had a chance to simmer down. In a packed courtroom, the atmosphere of which was considerably less tense than that of the Gaston court, the sixteen participants in the recent strike at the Loray mills who are accused of conspiracy to murder O. F. Aderholt, Gastonia police chief, went on trial, the thirteen men charged with first-degree murder and the three women with murder in the second degree.

The same severely judicial temper which Judge M. V. Barnhill displayed at Gastonia during the two preliminary days of the trial a month ago was manifested again at the reopening of the case here, and has resulted in developments distinctly favorable to the defense. Although denying motions by defense counsel Arthur Garfield Hays to dismiss the indictment and bill of particulars on grounds of indefiniteness and insufficiency, the Judge ordered the prosecution to bring in a more detailed bill, and gave encouragement to the defense by ruling that evidence of conspiracy will be confined to events of the night of June 7, when the police chief was killed, thus, it is believed, cutting out much of the testimony of the prosecution relative to the tumultuous weeks of the strike which culminated in the homicide. Such testimony would inevitably have influenced the jury.

Whatever may be the significance of this now noted trial as an epochal battle between workers and mill-owners in the South, it is clearly the intention of Judge Barnhill, who from the first has kept the case thoroughly in hand, to limit it to its purely legal aspects as a trial for conspiracy resulting in murder, and to eliminate as far as possible the heated controversial issues. Whether he will be able to do this remains to be seen, as the case is so deeply involved in questions larger than the killing itself. The Court ruled as follows: "I shall restrict the evidence to what happened on the grounds and will admit no evidence of any conspiracy except to resist the officers on the night of June 7." This ruling was made over vigorous objection of the prosecution, whose second bill of particulars had set forth at some length a charge of conspiracy to enter the Loray mill and remove employees.

Probably several days will be taken up in selecting the

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jury from a venire of 200. This number may prove to be too few from which to choose the twelve who will decide the case. For every defendant the State has four peremptory challenges and the defense has twelve, which means that the selection of the jurors is likely not to be completed before the first of next week, at earliest.

Friends of the defense have called attention to the fact that, strictly speaking, the strikers will not be tried by a jury "of their peers," since according to the North Carolina law jurors must be property owners, which the defendants are not. Aside from this, on the whole the chances of assembling an impartial jury are better in Mecklenburg County than in Gaston, not only because of the greater distance from the scene of the killing, but also because of the more varied elements that make up the population of Charlotte, the second-largest town in the State. It is true, however, that the Charlotte papers in general have done what they could to prejudice their readers against the strikers and to make impartiality as difficult as possible.

In addition to Judge Barnhill's limitation of the issues, another aspect which is considered favorable to the defense is the provision of the North Carolina law whereby defense counsel are allowed preliminary examination of the State's witnesses. This examination took place on the second day of the trial with lawyers for the prosecution present.

Entrance of Arthur Garfield Hays, general counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, came as an eleventh-hour surprise, and strongly reinforces the defense. Previously, the comparative weakness of the defense against the array of prominent lawyers retained by the prosecution had been a subject of comment in the State, and the presence of the distinguished Mr. Hays, veteran of many battles for civil liberty, may well put new heart into his colleagues and give his opponents pause. The relation of the American Civil Liberties Union to the case has been misunderstood, and it may be well to quote here in full the statement given out by the executive committee of that body on August 26:

> In view of certain misleading statements in the press concerning the relation of the American Civil Liberties Union to the Gastonia defense, the union desires to repeat its statement that the International Labor Defense is solely responsible for the conduct of the case, that Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays enters the case at the request of the International Labor Defense and not as the general counsel of the Civil Liberties Union, that the functions of the Civil Liberties Union in this instance are, as they have been from the beginning, (1) to transmit to the legal defense funds sent to the union itself; (2) to exert its influence to guard and protect before the court of public opinion the vital issues of civil liberties that may be involved in what is ostensibly a murder trial but which grew out of an industrial struggle that has been accompanied by evidences of passion and prejudice. Both these functions we desire and expect to continue.

A sketch of the setting of this case shows on the bench in Mecklenburg's spick and span new courthouse a lean, laconic young judge who speaks so softly that reporters have to bend forward to catch his words. Facing him in a long semi-circle which stretches across the courtroom are the sixteen defendants, whose appearance is anything but sinister, and who seem singularly untroubled. Two of the women, Vera Bush and Amy Schecter, who have been speaking continuously in behalf of the defense since their release on bail, show signs of strain, but not so nineteen-year-old Sophie Melvin.

Behind and to one side of the defendants is the flock of newspaper correspondents and special writers. No other North Carolina case has ever attracted such a gathering of representatives of the press. Their presence means front-page publicity which North Carolina may enjoy less than some which its new industrial development has brought forth in recent years. One hazards the guess that the array of correspondents has had a somewhat sobering effect upon the prosecution. Too many typewriters are reporting this trial for the heresy-hunt begun by the prosecution at the habeas corpus hearing to be pursued with quite the righteous fervor with which it began.

To the left of the judge are the lawyers for the prosecution: Clyde R. Hoey, brother-in-law of Governor Gardner, the most conspicuous—suave, theatrical, eloquent, with flowing gray locks, cutaway coat, and boutonnière; E. T. Cansler, one of the ablest members of the Charlotte bar, with a notable record in criminal cases; breezy John G. Carpenter, solicitor, and titular leader of the prosecution; A. L. Bulwinckle, attorney for the Manville-Jenckes Company, which operates the Loray mills, and during the strike head man of the mill's Committee of One Hundred, against whom the strikers nurse sore grievances; R. G. Cherry, State commander of the American Legion; George B. Mason, Gastonia city solicitor; A. E. Woltz, A. C. Mangum, and other lesser lights from Gastonia, whose interests are identified with the manufacturers but who are careful to maintain that in this case Gaston County and the city of Gastonia are their only clients. All are staunch defenders of the faith—faith in the unquestionable rightness of the industrial *status quo*.

Opposite sits the defense: Arthur Garfield Hays, of New York, and John Randolph Neal, of Tennessee, "foreigners," who, no doubt, are regarded with added suspicion by citizens of Mecklenburg, Tar Heel stronghold of fundamentalism, because of their previous connection with the Tennessee evolution trial. With the exception of Leon Josephson, of Trenton, New Jersey, and R. L. Sigmon, the only Gaston lawyer associated with the defense, all the other defense counsel are from Charlotte: Tom P. Jimison, who has been active in behalf of the strikers from the start, R. L. Flowers, J. D. McCall, Thaddeus Adams, and W. H. Abernethy.

Among the spectators who crowded the courtroom on the first day of the trial were a number of mill-workers who had come, half-anxious, half-curious, to see what the law would do to the defendants who had roused them to demand better conditions of labor and life. Some were men in overalls (dressed for the occasion, said one of the Charlotte papers contemptuously), some were women with thin, strained faces and babies in arms—ignorant of the deeper significance of the case, but knowing well that working hours are long and wages meager, and that the accused men and women had tried to help them.

While the fate of the defendants is being decided, mills clatter from dawn to dark and on through the night in this section, the textile center of the State. North Carolina, waking to the importance of the trial, watches, wonders, speculates on the future here of a great world current which has disturbed its goose that lays the golden egg.

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In the Driftway

HOW unprogressive we are! How old-fashioned! Of course one usually hears it put just the other way: How progressive we are; how modern! But that is because a single item of progress stands out and is remarked in the midst of a stationary mass all about. The overwhelming conservatism of man, his fear of change, his indifference and even downright antagonism toward efforts to better his lot—these things are the rule of life, and the occasional halting steps forward are the exceptions, even in the United States, which we like to believe is the most progressive country in the world. The very fact that we talk so much about progress, real or fancied, is proof of its unusualness. Nor is the Drifter thinking, when he considers how unprogressive we are, of our notorious slowness in making advances in our political, industrial, and social life—of our indifference toward extricating ourselves from conditions which enlightened people generally admit to be intolerable, and yet quietly go on tolerating. Nobody of intelligence argues that we are progressive except in a scientific and material way, but right in that field, too, the Drifter would like to say that we are nothing of the sort. In the last quarter of a century we have developed the automobile, the airplane, the phonograph, the radio, and the motion picture; we have wrought wonders in our factories in the way of labor-saving machinery and have introduced new marvels in medicine. Yet in housing we have reached a practical impasse in the construction of homes for the masses at rents which they can pay, in city transportation we are bungling into ever greater congestion, in food we have more variety but poorer quality and worse cooking than ever before in the history of America, and our clothing—for men, at any rate—is so palpably absurd that even the usually long-suffering and change-fearing male has been crying out lately for relief.

* * * * *

BUT it is in some of the little things that the Drifter is most often struck with our dependence upon habit, our tendency to cling to objects in the material world long after they have ceased to have any use, and often after they have become positive nuisances. Take, for instance, the watering cart, or sprinkling wagon, that still rolls through the streets of most of our cities in summer—at least it still survives in New York. Survives and is paid for by the public. The watering cart goes back to the days of dirt or stone-paved highways and vehicles drawn by horses. It was useful then in laying dust, and if driven over a street or road often enough was a boon in keeping dirt from flying. But with the general appearance of asphalt or concrete pavements on our roads there is comparatively little dust to fly. What is more, the advent of the automobile has covered all our streets with grease and oil so that after a watering cart has sprinkled them they become running rivers and stagnant ponds of oleaginous muck. Motor cars, dashing through this with their broad tires, whirl it twenty feet to either side of them and bespatter the pedestrian so that the only hope for his clothes lies with the dry-cleaner. The sprinkling wagon today is a mere habit—a survival that is not only a needless waste but a positive pest.

FROM Milt. Goldman comes a letter saying that the remarks about the pleasures of haying [August 7] evoke no sympathetic response from him. Quite the contrary.

> But how very different was the business of filling our silo. (You apparently had no silo on your farm.) Our corn being cut, hardly a day passed that my brother or I did not inquire of my father when we were going to "make silage." And when he finally rode off one morning with our farm hands, Fyeodor and Jake, to borrow the necessary machinery from a neighbor, we were happy with the impatience and restlessness of lovers.
>
> To a youngster there are many happy places on a farm, but the interior of a silo is of course not to be equaled. We were within hours before the machinery was ready to blow the fodder up and through the cone-like top. Very impatient were we indeed, and one of us scurried out every few minutes into the hot sunshine to find out the cause of the delay. But when the green flakes finally began to rain down upon us our joy was great. We gaily set to scattering the fodder, wildly stamping it down to the accompaniment of the chugging and droning machinery without, and the Polish harvest songs taught us by Fyeodor, within. We were very merry under that fragrant hail, our ears stinging and our tongues wagging with shouts that echoed resonantly in that tall cylinder. And when we climbed up and down the steep ladder as the silo filled majestically, we felt as important as we thought Fyeodor.
>
> Eheu! Those happy hours are gone, and we must solace ourselves with the vicarious joys of memory. I shall forgive you for stimulating some pleasant reminiscences; but please say no more in praise of making hay.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Defense of Metellus

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is all very well to quote Catullus with apparent admiration, but of what avail is that when in the same issue Mr. Harding (p. 167) makes Quintus Metellus Numidicus a Greek, calls him *Metullicus Macedonicus,* and characterizes as indignation what was probably a jest and is reported as a piece of impolitic plain speaking? Why should a man compress so many errors into one sentence? Does he not fear the gods? Or the grim Saturnian threat "Dabunt malum Metelli"? If they could tie Naevius to a post, what would they do to a man who so abuses their name and an innocent witticism?

Berkeley, California, August 19 MAX RADIN

Marching on Broadway

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There ought to be a law making it a crime for anyone who is not a channel swimmer, or a stowaway, or a Rumanian queen to invade the sacred lane of Broadway with a parade. This afternoon about 10,000 Jews from the East Side marched to the office of the British Consul in Whitehall Street. But what a terrible parade it was! No marshal, no swinging baton, no blaring brass bands, no color; nothing, except the sight of bearded old men and weeping old women marching without rhythm or step, dragging some banners on

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which were such words as "rights," "justice," "humanity." A hundred Jews or more had been massacred in Palestine, and the wretched figure of Israel, bent and broken, creased and lined with the suffering of ages, marched again, even as he marched in Egypt, in Kishinev when the Cossack rode riot, and in Rumania when death stalked through the villages.

But did I say that there was no rhythm to the step of these tragic marchers? Even now, long after the last of them has vanished, the steady, silent beat of their footsteps fills the air like some measured chant out of a distant past, and to those who have ears it seems to say: "Let us march. We have always marched. Until this brotherhood of man of which they sing, while their swords drip with blood, shall come to mean something, until then let us march . . . let us march."

Freeport, Long Island, August 26 GABRIEL HEATTER

Patriotism and Religion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following is extracted from a pamphlet distributed to the public schools. The pamphlet is entitled "The Flag of the United States of America." The first page contains this subscription: "Editing Committee: Gridley Adams, E. S. Martin, Boy Scouts, John L. Riley (since deceased), American Legion." The quotation I submit reads: "The Flag . . . a symbol sacred second only to The Cross." ! ! ! The exclamation marks are mine.

New York, July 18 EPHRAIM CROSS

Syntax

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue for May 29 you dilate upon Dodsworth's Dilemma, due to his inability to understand the language of the English stage. On the same page (638), under the heading Peace and Poison, you express sentiments that awaken an answering echo in the heart. Here again, however, the language itself is tinctured with poison; and I am giving you no peace till you admit and correct it. In the last sentence in the last paragraph but one you have written: "Who knows but what as a result of the Cleveland disaster Paris will be snuffed out in the next war with the gas which proved so efficient at Cleveland?" Here are two errors in English: the "what" and the "which" should both be "that." I have ample encouragement to expect something better of *The Nation*.

Timarn, New Zealand, July 7 CLYDE CARR

[The "what" certainly ought to be "that," but we think the "which" is justified by usage, at least in these United States.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Edward Carpenter

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my naive moments I have wondered why so little attention is paid Edward Carpenter, whose death is mentioned in your issue of July 31. Are his writings not literature? Or is literature too puny a vehicle for that infinitely extended self?

Walt Whitman, recognized as a kindred spirit, seems the only one to be reasonably associated with him. Yet who illuminates life as he does? Who has so simply defined the infinite, so clearly expressed the limitations of the human mind (witness his essay on science) and conveyed the possibilities of the universal sense?

His prose is staggering in its powerful simplicity, and "Towards Democracy" is the key to a heaven. The answer to my wondering may well be: He was too universal, too unassuming, too selfless. He may—alas—have favored social equity. He expressed too much overwhelming beauty of soul. An ordinary mortal can stand but little; for the appetites are ever at the door, like tax collectors in England.

Portland, Oregon, August 3 H. W. JARRETT

A Correction

Mr. Benjamin A. Javits, coauthor with Charles W. Wood of the book entitled "Make Everybody Rich: Industry's New Goal," which was reviewed in *The Nation* of August 14, calls attention to the fact that the reviewer "apparently desired to heap it entirely on the head of" Mr. Wood. "The material in the book," Mr. Javits writes, "is mine, an Institute for Industrial Coordination is my child, and I spent many hours on the manuscript before publication." Mr. Wood, he adds, "was good enough to assist a busy lawyer and the busy lawyer was delighted to have the assistance of an able and dynamic writer."

The reviewer, Mr. James Rorty, to whom Mr. Javits's protest was submitted, writes that "unconsciously and quite unintentionally" he did treat the book as though it were Wood's exclusively," having been led to do so by the fact that "practically all the ideas in it appear, at least by implication, in Wood's 'The Myth of the Individual.'" The ascription of the book in the main to Mr. Wood was, however, Mr. Rorty assures us, entirely unintentional. *The Nation* joins with Mr. Rorty in expressing its regret to Mr. Javits that his part in the undertaking should not have been fully indicated.

EDITOR THE NATION

***The Nation* Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.**
526M.—WMCA—750 K.
September 9—Paul Blanshard
September 16—Arthur Warner

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Books

For the Nursery

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Now darkening horses stumble to their stalls
Over the worn sill of dusk.
One after one the ruddy cattle come
Embering to grey . . .
And the white whisper of milk.
Storm-crested roosters sheathe their metal legs;
Sack up the amber jewels of their eyes
In cloudiness.
And now the sweet mouse,
With quiet tooth and neat,
Is harvesting the subtle grains of sleep.

Pseudo-Historical Fiction

The Rebels. By Alfred Neumann. Translated by Huntley Paterson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ONE of the reasons for Alfred Neumann's failure to gain an American audience commensurate with his merits is that he is touted as an historical novelist when he is not one at all. By turns he is mystery-story writer and metaphysician, a sorcerer whose effects vary from the awe-inspiring to the parlor-tricky. To read his works as historical novels is simply confusing. He is never really interested in creating a background or making vivid some historical complex. The treatment in "The Rebels" of the Carbonari uprising in central Italy from 1820 to 1830 is purposely oblique and fragmentary. Actually, the reader is not supposed to know what it is all about, to have any systematic understanding of the social and economic forces which presumably lie behind the movements of the personages. A clear understanding would be murderous to the shadowy Gothic effect for which Neumann is striving. The intrigue is enveloped in a dark cloud of innuendo; tortured souls express their agonies in gnomic sentences; no one is frank or explicit; Checca, Madda, Caminer, and even Guerra himself are sinister, humorless, melodramatic. The tale is labyrinthine, a maze of dark, narrow streets in which the characters dog each other stealthily, meet but to utter a few low-voiced mysterious words, and pass on, wrapped in the black cloak of their own moral suffering.

It is a deliberate and intelligent falsification of history, just as a romantic novel by Walter Scott is a childish and uncritical one. Neumann is not interested in the Carbonari conspiracy for its own sake, but because by enmeshing his already complicated characters in a network of intrigue he can produce an effect of still greater complication. He enriches the enigma of their personalities by subjecting them to the cross-currents of a mystical patriotism. To put it a bit cheaply but not necessarily inaccurately, the political intrigue is artistically necessary because it prevents the characters from speaking openly to each other. History is like a black veil behind which their faces are nebulous and frightening, their voices muted and elusive.

Once the reader has experienced this strange terror effect, he has received most of what Neumann has to give. As a story "The Rebels" is much less interesting than "The Devil"; in fact its bare fable is banal. It reminds one of those classic "situations" dear to Corneille and Racine. The Princess Maria Corleone finds herself at once the mistress of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and of Guerra, magnetic leader of the Carbonari. By a further complication she finds herself actually involved with the Carbonari in their projected assault on the Grand Duke's life. Her vacillations and Guerra's, as they are torn between passion and duty, love and patriotism, furnish the major lines of the story's exterior movement. At bottom, however, the situation is a stock one; the plot is unimportant; the outcome is awaited by the reader with no overpowering eagerness. What one comes to look for is not the mere points which determine the tragic curves of the career of Guerra, but the half-glimpsed confrontations and dialogues, those elliptic utterances which proceed out of terrific emotional tensities, out of imagined incest and fratricide, out of loves and hates which dare not speak their names or fully unveil their chimera-faces.

In view of what has just been said it may seem a little silly to speak of "The Rebels" as a study of anything; and yet I think it is such a study, a study of the conspiratorial temperament. With the possible exception of Guerra (and then only at the end of his career) none of the characters is politically minded. Gioia, Checca, Madda, Maria Corleone might all conceivably be on the side of reaction rather than of revolution. They have no clear comprehension of the struggle in which they are pawns, nor do they in their hearts desire any such understanding. To them, intrigue and conspiracy are forms of personal salvation, not instruments of political freedom. Conspiracy is a refuge for their unhappy and unbalanced souls. In its ambiguities, its denunciations, its atmosphere of assassination, is a reflection of their own interior turmoil. In its perils and escapes they find a sort of release for their own life-despair. Real revolutions, of course, are the work of businesslike individuals, patient and practical propagandists like Lenin; but just below such leaders there is always a group of tortured romantics whose fanaticism, by reason of its very remoteness from any political aim, is sometimes all the more effective.

I may add that it needs but a touch here and there to turn "The Rebels" into a gorgeous satire on the revolutionary temperament. Neumann stops just short of extravagance; another step and his characters, with their eternal dramatizing and twilight utterances, would have been completely ridiculous. He does not take that step, affording one more proof of the oft-repeated statement that it is difficult to be at the same time a German and a humorist.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Consider the Ants

The Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III. By L. B. Namier. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $10.50.

EARLY this year a new reputation was made when Mr. L. B. Namier, sometime tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, published his "Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III," being the first two volumes of a larger work which is to include a study of the imperial problem during the American Revolution. Since the days of William Stubbs the task of the historians has largely been that of rewriting Whig history as scholars instead of as propagandists, and Mr. Namier's book involves an important revision of our estimate of eighteenth-century politics, of the extent of political corruption by court or governmental funds ("a small rivulet . . . and not nearly as dirty as supposed"), of the importance of "rotten boroughs," and of the part played by parties. Narrative history tends to show us a picturesque struggle between

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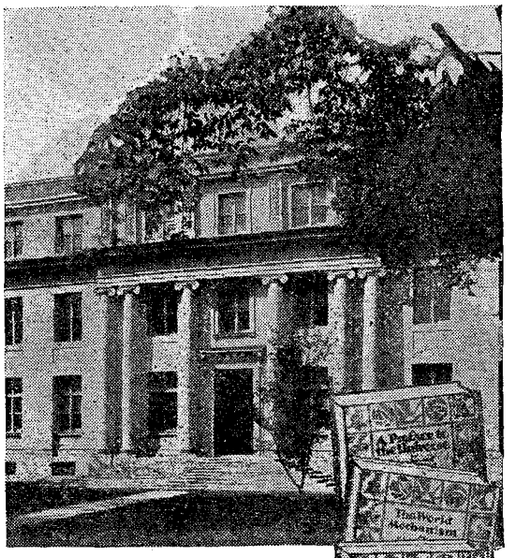

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Whig and Tories, Old Whigs and New Whigs, court and nobles, about the principles of liberty and loyalty. Examination of the details, however, shows us "an ant-heap with the human ants" scurrying in a world of parliamentary politics not based on party lines, looking for some "consideration," pecuniary or honorable, from the powers that be, and seeking, thanks to membership of "the best club in the world," to have "figure and weight in the country" and to take proper rank and precedence in London society. And the remarkable thing is that, despite analyses of the minutest detail of borough politics, Mr. Namier contrives to make his two volumes eminently readable.

Perhaps one reason for this last quality is a very un-English vein of gentle cynicism which runs through the whole work. Mr. Namier finds the eighteenth century "a naively corrupt and very amusing age." Regarded this way, philosophically *sub specie aeternitatis,* one age becomes much as another, one electoral system (humanity being what it is) not much better than another, private recompenses and modern vote-catching party funds not morally very distinguishable. "The aim in Parliamentary elections is not the mental and moral uplifting of the electorate, but the acquisition of seats." That yet there is a certain bright superficiality in this view, which finds twentieth-century and eighteenth-century politics, the politics of Philadelphia and those anywhere else individually distinctive and yet, so far as generalizations go, all much of a muchness, Mr. Namier's own pages are sufficient to show. Without citing the hackneyed case of Old Sarum, which was held by a debtor to avoid his creditors, or the barefaced demands for peerages or contracts in return for Parliamentary support, or the case of electors of the wrong party induced to drink till they died of the effects (with the best intentions—incapacitation alone was contemplated), we find Mr. Namier listing among reasons for entering Parliament *"Immunity—Robbers*—They likewise say that Bacon was oblig'd to get member, coast what it would, other ways he could not pass his accompts as contractor." Also Mr. Namier lists "Bastards," and quotes the letter of Lord Chesterfield to his illegitimate son stating "you must first make a figure in Parliament if you would make a figure in your country," while elsewhere specifically assigning the reason that membership would be "like the cloak of charity." The most natural thing for a "pretty young man" of gentle birth and small means was to look for provision directly to the state (as they put it in France "quelque chose de par le roi"). Almost all the admirals in the American Revolutionary War were members of Parliament and such matters as the choice of a successor in the regiment when Lord Howe was killed at Ticonderoga was a matter for political intercessions with His Grace of Newcastle. Not only the country, but the army, was full of men ready to sign themselves the Duke's "sincere friend and humble politician." Mr. Namier himself writes: "In 1700 it was 'faithful service to your country'; in 1760 'service of one's friends' "—and the change between the morals of Parliament, and still more of the civil service, during the eighteenth and during the twentieth century is still more emphatic; it is something which the leveling hand of the philosophy of "tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner" does a political disservice (be it sentimental or sardonic) by obliterating.

One conclusion, of the utmost importance to contemporary America, Mr. Namier does draw. Only where the distinctions between parties are genuine, and matters not of persons but of profound principle, can log-rolling, "accommodations," and corruption be avoided. Political corruption is a disease of peace, prosperity, and lack of challenge on fundamental issues. "To destroy it, a true political interest is required of sufficient moment to produce mass movements, to divert the energies and attention of men to a real political purpose and seriously to divide a nation shaken by passions or distress." To upset the complacent pursuit of enlightened self-interest by the English upper classes, when it could be stated in Parliament that the Americans had no grievance since they were represented through the Members for Kent (all land in America legally being held in the manor of East Greenwich), it required the doctrine of Jefferson of periodic revolution. There is no end to corrupt self-interest save by indignant discontent: "Liberty requires courage."

Another conclusion, not drawn by Mr. Namier, may also be reached. Mr. Namier is quite satisfied that the unreformed House represented the "political nation." "That the House of Commons was open to all who could reasonably aspire to it had a wonderfully unifying and stimulating influence on the nation." . . . "The House has at all times been one of the great uplifting influences in English social life." The number of those who could yet reasonably aspire was limited. At Yarmouth from 1722 to 1784 one member was always a Townshend and the other a Walpole; from 1715 to 1874 a Grosvenor always sat for Chester; Herberts and Clives have sat for Ludlow with few intermissions from 1688 to 1923, and Mr. George Windsor-Clive now sits. That is the quintessence of English social life. Whether one approves of it depends upon whether one approves of the permanent limitation to a superior few of the politically active nation. At least Mr. Namier has shown that the power of this few had little relation to public spirit or to efficiency. If one disapproves, then, while conceding that the England of 1775 may be more like that of 1925 than we had thought, we shall make the deduction that the time is overripe for substituting, for what Mr. Namier, in a Mephistophelian phrase, calls "socially uplifting influences," a "mass movement" for social justice and political rationalization—such as, perhaps, we may see under a MacDonald government.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Spying Out Zion

Those Ancient Lands. Being a Journey to Palestine. By Louis Golding. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

Reports of the Experts Submitted to the Joint Palestine Survey Commission. Boston: Published by the Commission.

IT is extraordinarily illuminating to contrast these two books, to balance the artist's impressions against the experts' opinions, to fill in his generalizations with their detailed statistics, to light up their depressing tables with the flame of his optimism. If his vistas range farther—back to Abraham and Joseph, the Kings and the Patriarchs, and forward to the unborn Hebrew dramas in the amphitheater of the university—their alkali determinations go deeper; they apprise Joe and Abe, Sam and David of the agricultural opportunities in the plains of Acre, Athlit, Beisan, and Jordan.

Where Mr. Golding is eloquent and vague and sentimental, the experts are terse, particular, and skeptical. While he glories in the beauty of the orchards, they assert that the Egyptian market can absorb 456,824 kilos of apricots—fresh, and 1,564,764 of apricots—dried. He is thrilled by the singing of the *Chalutzim,* the pioneers; they point out that the agricultural settlements have physical limitations, that of the million and a half acres in Palestine more than one-third are non-tillable. In the end—or even before the end—one turns with relief from the lush prose of this minor prophet to the economical report of the messengers sent again to spy out the Land of Israel.

Mr. Golding makes of Palestine a pleasant place though he seeks to make it inspiring. He cannot arouse in the reader a sense of its contemporary validity because for him it is too

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insistently the archaic treasure-house of our Hebrew ancestors or the eventual Utopia of our Jewish grandchildren. Despite his disclaimer, to him "there is something a little shocking . . . that he must link up by automobile the shrines of his pilgrimage"; thus while his chauffeur was filling the Buick with petrol Mr. Golding was making observations on the picturesque Arabs at the Damascus gate instead of noting that the gasoline cost seventy-five cents a gallon—more than three times what the American driver of that car would pay. Had he noticed the price, he might have sought the reason for it and thus discovered an entirely different Palestine.

Strangely enough the experts have also turned to other subjects rather than pursue the explanation of the high cost of living in Palestine—the index number for 1927 is 255 whereas in Egypt it is 154 and in the United Kingdom 167 on a pre-war basis of 100. Both Sir John Campbell and Dr. Leo Wolman, who recommends a special report on the subject, condemn the high tax rate, and the commission states its summary:

> Two evils of the past still burden Jewish settlement. One is the danger to loss of life and property from raids by nomadic Bedouin tribes from the vast region east of the Jordan. . . . The other evil is heavy taxation and the manner of levying it as a tithe. This penalizes intensive, thorough cultivation and interferes with growing perishable products . . .

But to the reader who does not dig thoroughly in the statistics it will not be apparent from these guarded statements that the entire Zionist venture, despite all the remarkable idealism, energy, and material that has gone into the work, is doomed to failure unless the lion of British imperialism is drawn off from its prey or unless Great Britain conceives its mandate as a moral trust rather than an economic monopoly.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

Social Criticism

Lyric Pioneers of Modern Germany. By Solomon Liptzin. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

ONE of the most interesting developments in criticism devoted to revealing the effects of social change upon literary trends is to be found in this volume by Solomon Liptzin. In an earlier book, "The Weavers in German Literature," Mr. Liptzin covered very adequately the economic background of the literature of protest that sprang up in Germany in the nineteenth century. In still an earlier volume, "Shelley in Germany," he showed in striking detail how critical attitudes toward Shelley were determined by the vicissitudes of political and economic circumstance. The praise, for instance, which was poured out with such unending generosity upon all of Shelley's revolutionary poems in the forties suddenly ceases after the failure of the revolution of 1848, and the era of attack begins, with men like Schmidt and Hebbel—Hebbel had been a Shelleyan before the revolution—leading the assault. In line with this same logic, Mr. Liptzin has shown in "Lyric Pioneers of Modern Germany" the interconnection between the whole movement of German life of the last century and its literature.

Beginning his study with the observation that literature is a seismograph of life, the author proceeds to trace the evolution of literary forms as expressions of life realities. In all deference to Camillo von Klenze, of whom Mr. Liptzin in a sense is a disciple, and whose study "From Goethe to Hauptmann" covered roughly the same period, Mr. Liptzin has succeeded in coming closer to the root-facts in the German literature of that day than his predecessor. Mr. Liptzin's analysis is straightforward, clear, and conclusive. His method is never vague nor uncertain. In general it is dissective rather than descriptive.

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Social forces and class struggle are realities that are never evaded nor denied. On the other hand, they are used as the bases for approach and interpretation.

Beginning with the autobiography of Ulrich Braeker in 1789, Liptzin carries his study through the rise of the social lyric, the poetry of the middle class, the lyric of social pity, and finally to the lyric of social revolt and the lyric of social cynicism. The rise of interest on the part of writers in the proletariat is given the due significance that it deserves. The discussion of the social lyric, which reached its apex in the verse of Freiligrath and Heine, is sound in its interpretation. The arrival of Willkomm's proletarian novels as early as 1843 is considered in the enlightened manner of the new social criticism. Hebbel's "Maria Magdalena," in which the dramatist selected his characters from the lower classes, and Klein's "Kavalier und Arbeiter," in which the problems of the industrial proletariat were given serious and sympathetic portrayal, are noted as important too in chalking the change from the old, the bourgeois, to the new, the proletarian, literature.

There are other critics in England and America who have exploited the same critical approach, but Liptzin's work is more important than theirs in detail if not in range of conclusion. Lacking the brilliant dynamics of Trotzky's "Literature and Revolution," "Lyric Pioneers of Modern Germany," nevertheless, possesses in scholarship what it often lacks in spirit.

V. F. Calverton

Government by Professors

My War Memoirs. By Eduard Benes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

THE day of the expert is upon us and his coming has not been an unmixed blessing. As the Geneva naval conference showed, he may magnify technical difficulties until there is no possible solution: what is needed in this complicated world is a philosophical view of the whole. In one sense the creators of Czecho-Slovakia were experts: they were men learned in history, philosophy, politics, and the law. But because of the breadth of their knowledge and the depth of their insight they knew how to rise above immediate difficulties and to single out the forest from the trees.

At the age of twenty-one Edward Benes went away from home in Prague and for three years he studied in the universities of France and of Germany. He then returned to Prague and between 1908 and 1914 continued his work in economics, sociology, and philosophy. When the World War broke out, Professor Masaryk and Professor Benes seized the opportunity to restore the ancient greatness of Bohemia—an opportunity for which they had conscientiously prepared. "I always consciously practiced politics in a scientific spirit," says M. Benes. These Czecho-Slovak leaders began by stealth to build up an organization at home and support for this organization in the Allied countries abroad. It was a perilous task, full of formidable obstacles, in part based on Allied misunderstanding. Allied support was fully won only when the Czecho-Slovaks contributed an army to their cause. In Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia common soldiers had joined Austro-Hungarian regiments; but these now deserted to the ranks of the Russians and after the 1917 revolution they came together in improvised volunteer organizations which under the leadership of General Syrovy began their spectacular march across Siberia en route to the Western front. They were diverted from their ultimate goal by encounters with the Bolsheviki in Siberia, as a result of which they occupied 8,000 kilometers of railway.

Finally came the armistice. On November 4 Professor Benes drove through Paris en route to a meeting of the Supreme War Council at Versailles. Seated beside Vesnic and Venizelos, he "could scarcely believe in the reality of what had happened. Three years previously I had escaped across the frontiers of Bohemia, crawling through the thickets to avoid being seen by the Austrian and Bavarian gendarmes, and staking the whole future on what destiny might bring. Now I was sitting in conference with the representatives of France, Great Britain, United States, Italy, Japan, Serbia, Greece, Belgium, and Portugal to decide with them as to the fate of the empires of Wilhelm and Karl and to sign the terms of their capitulation."

Thus the state of Czecho-Slovakia came into the world, a product of political intelligence, of determined effort, and of Allied arms. M. Benes, in common with Professor Masaryk, was one of the authors of the edifice; and he has told his story with proper impersonality and with great dignity of style.

Raymond Leslie Buell

An Uncertain Guide

Mediaeval Culture. By Karl Vossler. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. $8.00.

AT the suggestion of others, Dr. Vossler specifies in his preface, the two-volume translation of the work which had appeared in German as the "Divine Comedy" is entitled "Mediaeval Culture: An Introduction to Dante and His Times." Dr. Vossler's acquiescence to the suggestion was unfortunate and ill-advised; a narrower rather than a broader title would have been appropriate. The book is planned, however, with a large sweep to the end of opening up "to a wider circle of intelligent readers the comprehension of the Divine Comedy": Volume I begins with a comparison of Goethe's "Faust" and Dante's "Divine Comedy," proceeds to a study of the religious background (in the course of which Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Jewish, Persian, Greek, and Christian beliefs in a future life are differentiated in an average expanse of about a page and a half for each belief), then takes up the philosophical background and the ethical and political background; Volume II is devoted partly to a study of Italian and ancient literature, partly to a rhetorical tracing of the course of the Divine Comedy.

The chain of German vulgarizations during the past two decades (Dr. Vossler's work belongs at the earlier end of the chain) illustrates, in contrast to more recent American examples, one other way of making culture easily accessible. Dr. Vossler's book is one of the works of digested erudition, acquired from reading large numbers of doctoral and inaugural dissertations, intended to keep the general reader abreast with the changing learned conception of things in general; its appearance in English is doubtless indication of the hope that such second-hand erudition might help to bring a larger group to proper appreciate stupefaction before works of art.

Dr. Vossler's method is to sweep together diverse elements from sundry sources (usually, except in the case of Dante himself, on the authority of some one else) to explain this or that. The problem is seldom stated as it might have been in the original writings, and the solutions lose the significance their authors stated for them to take on instead an almost mystic resonance in Vossler's rhetoric. Consequently the conclusions of the book usually might be right or wrong indifferently; the pontifical decisions in which the shortcomings and ignorance of Plato, Aristotle, Anselm, Aquinas are pointed out are in all cases distressing. Indefinite decisiveness is so definite a characteristic of the book that no one example will illustrate it variously enough. But at random: Scotus Erigena is a bold champion of reason and a mystic whom

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the church treated as a heretic, but "the amiable and tactful Anselm of Canterbury . . . clips the wings of reason after she had been strengthened again through realism and puts her in the service of the church's belief." Passing over the confusing circumstance that it was for his realism that Anselm's contemporaries criticized him and that even his master protested that he pushed his rationalism too far, it is inexcusable that doctrines as finely worked as those of Erigena and Anselm should be tossed aside in such crass generalities.

Frequently, however, the author is definitely right. Elaborating on Dante's political doctrine he remarks, "Of Occam and Marsilius of Padua he surely knew nothing." Possibly the meaning is that Dante died in 1321, while Occam began his political writings about 1330, Marsilius about 1324.

But an even more lamentable consequence of the author's appreciative and generalizing vein is the distortion it works in the plan of his book. Properly enough about half of the first volume is devoted directly or indirectly to philosophy. Yet when one arrives in the second volume at the sphere of the Sun where Aquinas and Bonaventura present a company of philosophers to Dante, one is hurried by in three brief pages of distressing generalities. Literally the reader has been given nothing in the two volumes by which to appreciate the significance of the persons Dante mentions. Even the circumstance that Bonaventura should present Joachim of Flora is not mentioned nor is the introduction of Siger of Brabant by Thomas mentioned here (although one might remember that there was a mention of Siger in the first volume, and the bare information that he is in paradise). Yet there are fascinating and easily comprehensible stories in the contrasts of persons and doctrines involved in the passage through the sun; relevant to them brief excursions into contemporary philosophical debates might have been introduced which would have been more pertinent than the wordy disquisitions of Volume I. There is no reason why a work, to be popular, must be erroneous, or why the presentation of philosophical problems need be interpreted by the statement of the right answers which none of the debaters (save as they anticipated Kant or some other modern) perceived. Popular works have been simple, unpretentious, precise; indeed it might be suggested that in even these two volumes Mr. Spingarn's nicely conceived bibliography in the appendix is intelligent popularization. There is some excuse, however, in that it is not only popular studies that seek out the sources and colors of generations of thinkers. Doubtless the present work is learned enough to be a joy and an aid to the historians and essayists who study to distinguish the tempers and distempers of ages.

RICHARD MCKEON

Knights-Errant

The Labor Movement in the United States, 1860-1895. By Norman J. Ware. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

SINCLAIR LEWIS once asked me who knew anything about the American labor movement beside myself. Bowing low, I had to admit that, relatively speaking, I knew nothing about the labor movement, but paying dirt would be found in the heads of Ben Stolberg, Leo Wolman, A. J. Muste, Bob Dunn, and Norman Ware. That the tips were sound is evidenced in part at least by the present volume. Mr. Ware won the Hart Schaffner and Marx prize in 1924 with his "Industrial Worker, 1840-1860." Now he carries the saga up to 1895, in a manner scholarly, careful, and readable. It is essentially the story of the Knights of Labor, its dizzy rush to power and its rocket-like collapse. For a time the organization was immensely successful. It put the American labor movement on

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the map; it reached groups never reached before; it covered the nation with propaganda about land, money, immigration, government ownership; it mixed into politics upsetting the digestions of untold statesmen; and like a phoenix from its ashes sprang the American Federation of Labor. It is a grand story, dramatic, bizarre, and disheartening—and thus thoroughly American. Mr. Ware goes far to explain why Sam Gompers, fleeing in terror from all the gaudy mistakes of the Knights, stamped the modern labor movement with a different hall-mark altogether. Nor, as the years have marched, is it apparent that the change was for the better. The Knights were out to remake the world, and foolish as such projects often are, there was in their attempt courage and daring and the authentic gleam of life. Foolish? Look at Ramsay MacDonald and his knight-errantry today.

STUART CHASE

Books in Brief

Prohibition or Control? Canada's Experience with the Liquor Problem, 1921-1927. By Reginald E. Hose. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

Mr. Hose's book may be cordially commended to all Americans who are interested in comparing the methods of Canada and the United States in dealing with the liquor traffic. Where the United States has ordained national prohibition, with a resulting orgy of corruption, official lawlessness, and crime, Canada has combined in a workable scheme provincial or local option and national regulation.

> The American system seeks to attain its object by compulsory control—a veritable constitutional strait-jacket. The Canadian system rests its attempt upon self-control, depending upon the traditional common sense of the people for success over intemperance. Hence the American States, with far wider powers, have surrendered to federal authority the very rights which the Canadian provinces are exercising to the full in their self-determined liquor laws, which cause no friction with the federal authority.

Mr. Hose discusses in much detail the powers and duties of the various commissions to which the control of the manufacture and sale of liquors is intrusted, the history of local option, the conduct of retail business, the enforcement of the liquor laws, and the various questions of taxation and revenue that are involved. The system of government control in Newfoundland is included in the survey. It is Mr. Hose's conclusion that "there does not appear to have been any dislocation of trade or unfavorable economic conditions" as the result of the system, and that "there is nothing to indicate that efficiency has been impaired or output retarded in the manufacturing world."

Problems of Peace. Third Series. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

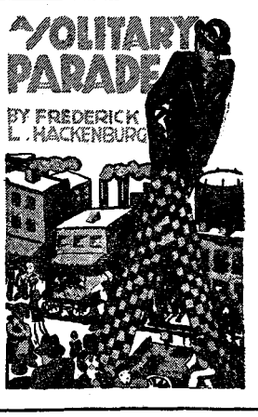
This handsomely printed book contains "the lectures delivered at the fifth meeting of the Geneva Institute of International Relations," and is the third of a series of volumes published under this title. As the institute is organized and maintained in cooperation with the British League of Nations Union and the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association of the United States, the lectures given under its auspices from year to year naturally concern themselves with the work of the League, and present this work in the most favorable light. The lectures in this volume are no exception to the rule. The distinction, however, of the lecturers, the first-hand information which they handle, and the broad, inclusive, humane spirit in which they speak, give this collection of addresses an indisputable value. The Future of the League, The Working of the League Council, Disarmament, The First Results of the World Economic Conference, Tendencies in International Labor Legislation, The Mandates System, The League and the Protection of Minorities, The British Commonwealth and the League, Asia and the League, The Function of Law in International Relations, The Influence of Public Opinion on Foreign Policy come under discussion by authorities, mostly English, of the highest scholarly standing. To American readers the paper by Professor Manley O. Hudson, of the Harvard Law School, on America's Relation to World Peace, will be of especial interest. Professor Hudson finds the Briand-Kellogg Treaty for the renunciation of war to be of "great political significance and of great psychological importance," but believes it to be inferior as an achievement to Article II of the League Covenant. Yet he rejoices that this treaty places in our hands "a new implement for us to use in our struggle with the forces that make against peace."

Our Changing Civilization. By John Herman Randall, Jr. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.

Much of the material in this book is a popularized version of the author's more scholarly "Making of the Modern Mind," and it needs therefore scarcely be said that it is a philosophical, sociological essay on the evolution of Western society since the Renaissance, and very delightful reading. The Renaissance started a long epoch of accelerating change, yet we have still not learned how to change quickly and easily. Habits and ideals formed under earlier conditions make difficult the adjustments which society constantly has to make. We are slow to realize that industrialism demands new philosophies, new techniques of living, new standards, and are reluctant to strike out boldly for ourselves. Cynical protest, the escape of the aesthete to the Latin quarter or Fiesole, the glorification of business, these are all transitional passages, the discord has not yet been resolved into the new key for which we are searching. When this has once been found the author is confident that we will be in a position to assimilate and make good use of our heritage of philosophies, arts, and faiths, to value them as never before. Having escaped the "tyranny of emancipation . . . we shall turn to our ancestral goods to build our homes."

The Washington Conference and After. By Yamato Ichihashi. Stanford University Press. $4.

Mr. Ichihashi, who was Viscount Kato's secretary and interpreter at the Washington Conference, gives a balanced survey of the conference as it appears in the perspective of eight years. There are occasional Japanese sidelights, but for the most part the significant fact is that his judgment is very close to that of American and British observers.



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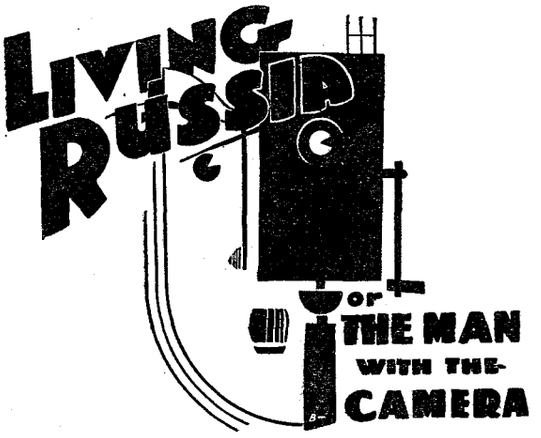

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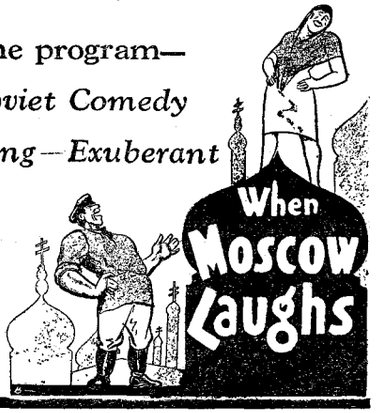

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International Relations Section

Social Conditions in Iceland

By HALLDÓR KILJAN LAXNESS

NEXT summer the Icelandic Parliament will celebrate its one thousandth anniversary. I am told that our Parliament is the oldest legislative assembly in the world—at least, it is the oldest in Europe. The Icelandic nation is extending invitations to the celebration to all Western countries. The United States has decided to send five delegates, and many individual States of the federal Union will be represented. The United States Government is appropriating $50,000 for a statue of Leifur Eiríksson, of which it is going to make the Icelanders a present on this occasion. Leifur Eiríksson, or Leif the Lucky, the first white man to discover America, in the year 1000, was an Icelander.

We have preserved in our country the old Norse language, which has developed into various dialects in the other Scandinavian countries. Every Icelandic child can read and understand books that were written in his language 800 years ago. The Icelanders can be characterized as a *literary people*. The vast bulk of literature popularly called Old-Scandinavian, comprising the Sagas and the Eddas and the history of the Scandinavian kings, which is at the same time the ancient history of Scandinavia, is written exclusively in Icelandic. All the bigger universities in Europe have a chair in the Old Norse language, which is the language which is spoken and written in Iceland today.

Contrary to the aspirations of the younger commercial nations, the ambition of every genuine young Icelander is to become a literary man. In Iceland we look upon business men with the same skepticism with which literary men are regarded in some other countries. There has never in the history of Iceland been any man of prominence in any field who did not have a literary education. Our most important statesmen have all been literary men—poets, authors, historians, and educators.

A 100 per cent American would be inclined to think that a country run by "dreamers"—is not that what they call them?—would be in a hopeless predicament both politically and economically. The reverse is the case. I read in a San Francisco paper the other day a statement made by the Danish economist, Dr. Knud Berlin, which showed, by comparative statistics, that Iceland had the highest per capita foreign trade of any nation in the world. The national budget of last year showed that the value of our exports exceeded the value of imports by about 17,000,000 crowns. That is a good showing for a nation of 100,000 souls.

Our chief export is fish—herring and codfish. At one time Icelandic herring merchants had the bad manners to compete with one another in the foreign markets, and for some years the bickering for better and better offers continued so long that a great part of the year's crop of herring remained unsold and had to be thrown into the ocean again. Then the government of Iceland took the herring commerce into its own hands. The foreign markets have now only one powerful seller to face, where there was previously a flock of haggling business men underbidding one another. This government monopoly of the herring commerce has been a tremendous success despite the vigorous attacks from the business people. And it is characteristic of Iceland that the director of the herring monopoly is a young erudite who specialized in literature at several European universities, author of several books, editor of a periodical on literature and social science, and coeditor of a labor paper in North Iceland.

There are three things I should particularly like to point out to people who belong to big countries which are continually bragging about prosperity. We have in Iceland no unemployment, no absolute poverty, and practically no criminality. In my lifetime there has been only one murder in Iceland—committed by an insane woman who killed her brother. Petty thefts are committed mostly by children who learn about those things in moving-picture houses. We have no regular jail worth mentioning. There was one in Reykjavik, but it was empty most of the time. But there has recently been erected a so-called "working home" on a big farm about 100 kilometers from Reykjavik, where drunkards, loafers, idlers, foreign tramps, and idiots may be put to useful work.

It has been the custom in late years to collect statistics about unemployment. According to reports from last spring, there were in Reykjavik only eight unemployed people. Five of those were accounted for because of sickness, one because of old age, and two of them had worked until April 30, 1929. As for poverty, that is taken care of by an excellently organized municipal aid. Thus, a man who, because of adverse circumstances, is unable to support his family, is provided for temporarily by the municipality without losing his prestige or civil rights. It is understood that he will pay back what has been given him as soon as he is able to. If he cannot, it is all right. We have had old-age pensions since the latter half of the nineteenth century.

We are very proud of our public education. Illiteracy is unknown. Every municipality has a public school, and there are a greater number of middle schools (high schools) in Iceland than among any other group of 100,000 people in the world. In addition we have two gymnasiums or higher colleges, a university and two commercial colleges, one on a capitalistic basis and the other on a cooperative basis.

There are innumerable newspapers and periodicals in Iceland. The periodicals especially are excellent; all modern current ideas find their spokesmen in them. Icelandic authors and artists are supported by the government, and the best of them are, as far as I am able to judge, on a level with good European and American artists.

Organized religion fares badly in Iceland. Ministers of religion have no prestige and the churches are as a rule empty on Sundays. Fundamentalist teachings find only a very poor support in the country because of a general lack of interest in such things among the population. The country has been Protestant since the sixteenth century, but recently the Catholics have built a gorgeous cathedral at Reykjavik, though there are only about 150 Catholics in the town.

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—from "Blind Geronimo and His Brother" [page 150]

"Why did he send for me? Had she confessed? Why is he staring at me like that? Why am I sitting here at Molde on a verandah with a Pierrot? Can it be all a dream after all? Perhaps I am still asleep in Klare's arms . . . "
—from "The Fate of the Baron" [page 31]

"Then she became a model and walked on at a small theatre. The things she told us about the Director! . . . Then she fell in with a medical student . . . and she often came to fetch him from the dissecting-room . . . or more often stayed with him there . . . "
—from "The Greek Dancing-Girl" [page 71]

"Has Irene forgotten that she wanted to call Wilhelmine a murderess to her face? . . . And is Wilhelmine still aware that I am her lover, though I have called upon her in the middle of the night with a strange woman?"
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The social reawakening that has taken place in Iceland during the last fifteen years can largely be summed up in the history of the activities of one man. Mr. Jónas frá Hriflu, our present Minister of Education, and author of half a dozen books on educational matters, has had a very remarkable career both as social organizer and statesman, though he is only forty years of age. He went abroad while still very young, after having finished college in Iceland, and studied pedagogy and sociology in Scandinavia, Germany, France, and England. When he returned to Iceland he organized the so-called Young Peoples' Associations all over Iceland, with a center in Reykjavik, where he became the editor of their organ.

This movement helped greatly in leading the thoughts of the young into social channels. By and by Jónas frá Hriflu directed the energies of his adherents into more palpable enterprises and set out to fight for the organization of cooperative societies among the farmers. The young generation in the country stood by him, and in a few years, with a masterly, clever campaign, he succeeded in forming a chain of cooperative companies all over the country, with a branch in every district and a center at Reykjavik. These companies are owned and run by the farmers. They export their products without any middlemen and import directly foreign goods at far better prices than could be obtained by the individual business man. With the exception of Reykjavik the capital, the greater part of the nation's commerce is now in the hands of the cooperative societies, which are united under one head, the Alliance of Icelandic Cooperative Societies, on the principle of reciprocal responsibility: one for all and all for one. This means that if one individual cooperative society is in the way of going bankrupt, the confederation will even the balance. This cooperative chain is by far the most powerful commercial organization in the country, with offices in Edinburgh, London, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Oslo, and many other places. It controls to a large extent the affairs of the country both economically and politically. As the chain stores are owned by the people, they make it a point not to deal with anybody else. Most individually owned stores and business enterprises in the province have gone bankrupt, since they are not able to compete with the cooperative societies.

Mr. Jónas frá Hriflu was also the founder and still is the protector of the biggest labor unions both in Akureyri, the largest town in the North, and Reykjavik. Our most powerful labor union is formed of the trawler-fishers, but the trawlers are unfortunately still owned by wealthy private outfitters. The outfitters are the representatives and the stronghold of capitalism in Iceland. But now the workers are beginning to organize their own fishing companies on a cooperative basis, and one has actually been formed this year, starting with two trawlers. The foundation of that company is the most hopeful step we have yet taken toward the nationalization of our natural resources.

[*The second and concluding article on Life and Property in the Caribbean, by Jonathan Wickwire, has been unavoidably deferred and will appear in the International Relations Section of the issue of September 25.*]

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